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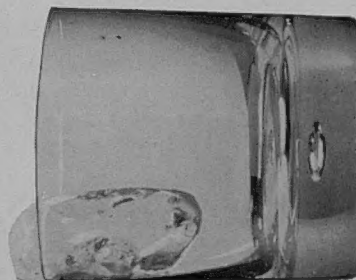
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its unique bouquet



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you savour its
crisp freshness



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appreciative
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until your glass
is drained to the
last blissful drop



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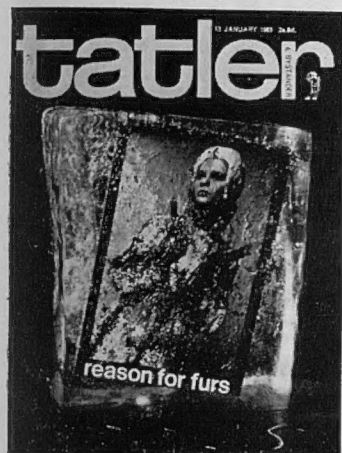
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COINTREAU ON THE ROCKS

tatler

and bystander volume 255 number 3307

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER



January, all things considered, falls something short of being anybody's favourite month. But there's some fun to be found in keeping out the cold with furs like those on the cover photographed in a highly secret process by Raymond Rathborne. The fur that's fighting the icy surround—winning the battle by the way—is a black and white kidskin coat, half-belted at the back, topped by a matching kidskin helmet with a black jersey scarf attached. Prices are £149 10s. and £25 respectively, both from the National Fur Company. Fashion Editor Unity Barnes develops the fur theme page 78 onwards. And if January gets so drear that you need an instant boiling point Counterspy provides it on page 86

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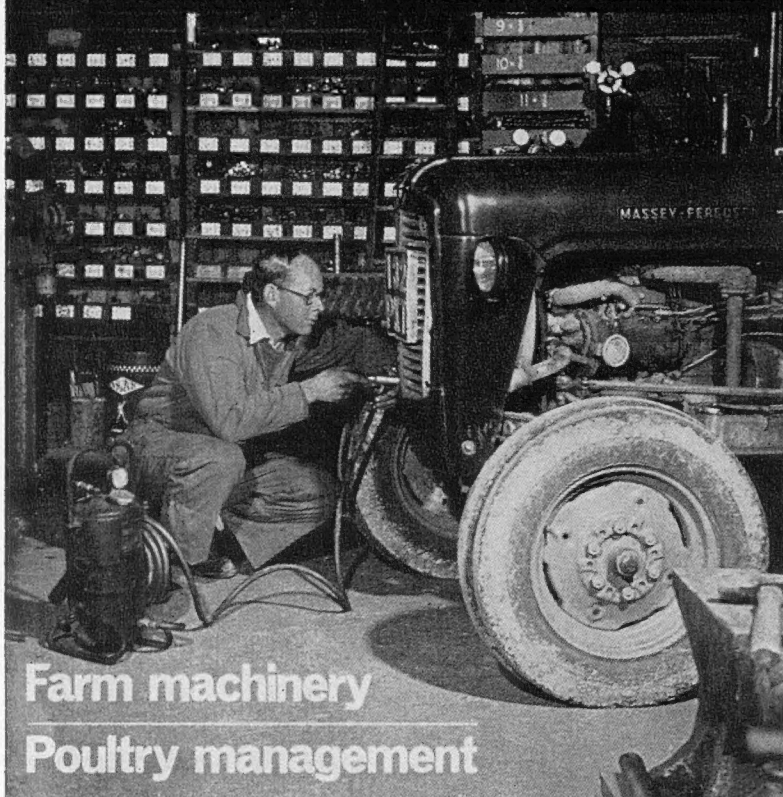
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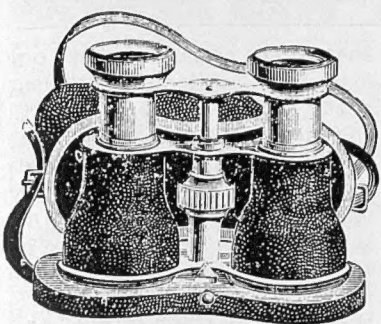
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GOING



PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Bluebird Children's Party, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., Hyde Park Hotel, 14 January. (Details, BEL 8271.)

American Society in Scotland Ball, Central Hall, Glasgow, 20 January. (Details, Mrs. Alex Mason, 241 Biggar Rd., Newarthill, Motherwell, Lanarks.)

Little Ship Club Dinner, Park Lane Hotel, 22 January. (Details, CEN 7729.)

Australia Club Dinner, The Dorchester, 27 January. (Details, WHI 2399.)

Hunt Balls: S. Wales United Hunts, Park Hotel, Cardiff, 13 January; **Golden Valley**, Crown Hotel, Hay, Herefordshire, 15 January; **Quorn**, Quenby Hall, Leics., 16 January; **Cowdray**, Cowdray House, Midhurst, 22 January; **Hampshire**, Guildhall, Winchester; **S. Notts.**, Officers Mess, Newton, 29 January.

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Worcester, today; Wincanton, 14; Newbury 15, 16; Catterick Bridge, 16; Warwick, 18; Plumpton, 20 January.

RUGBY

Wales v. England, Cardiff, 16 January.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Madama Butterfly*, tonight, 21 January; *Rigoletto*, 16, 19, 22 January. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Serenade*, *Marguerite and Armand*, *The Dream*, 14 January; *Les Sylphides*, *Marguerite & Armand*, *The Dream*, 15 January; *Swan Lake*, 18, 20 January, 7.30 p.m.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Hansel & Gretel*, tonight, 21 January; *Carmen*, 19 January; *The Flying Dutchman*, 15, 23 January; *La Belle Hélène*, 16, 20, 22 January. 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Fairfield Hall, Croydon. London Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Bernet, 7.45 p.m., 16 January. (WEL 8418.)

St. Pancras Town Hall. London Mozart Players, 21, 22 January. (TER 7070.)

ART

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition, Burlington House. Paintings from the Mellon Collection, to 28 February.

Tate Gallery. The Peggy Guggenheim Collection, to 7 February. (See Galleries, p. 91.)

Anthony Atkinson, landscape paintings, Leighton House Gallery, 12 Holland Park Rd., W.14, to 22 January.

Camargo, sculptures, Signals Gallery, 31 Wigmore St., to 28 January.

Hogarth Centenary Exhibition, British Museum, to May.



Lisa della Casa sings Strauss' *Arabella* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on 29 January

ERICH AUERBACH

EXHIBITIONS

"Daily Express" International Boat Show, Earl's Court, to 16 January.

Camping Exhibition, Olympia to 16 January.

"The New Face of British Railways," Design Centre, Haymarket, to 23 January.

W. B. Yeats' Centenary Exhibition, British Museum, to March.

FIRST NIGHT

Old Vic (National Theatre). *The Crucible*, 19 January.

HOLIDAY SHOWS

London Palladium, *Aladdin & His Wonderful Lamp*; **Westminster**, *Give a Dog A Bone*; **Golders Green Hippodrome**, *Dick Whittington*; **Olympia**, *Bertram Mills' Circus*; **Wembley**, *Empire Pool*, *Ali Baba On Ice*; **Hammersmith Odeon**, *The Beatles' Christmas Show*; **Theatre Royal**, Stratford, *The Rose & The Ring*; **Prince Charles**, *Players Late Joys*; **New Arts**, *Lady Audley's Secret*; **Scala**, *Peter Pan*; **Mermaid**, *Treasure Island*.

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING PLACES

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.

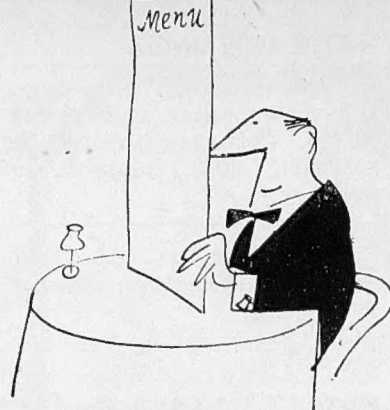
Café Portugal, 40 Gerrard Street, W.1. (GER 0284.) Open for luncheon and dinner with licence to midnight. C.S. I am pretty certain that this is the only Portuguese restaurant in London, and perhaps in Britain, so it is all the more welcome because the dishes are really Portuguese. Do not look for fresh sardines, for no restaurateur has yet cooked them indoors and lived to face his neighbours, but there are Tagus prawns and those rich piquant sauces that are a feature of Portuguese cooking. There are also the wines of the country, including Porto Branco as an aperitif and the excellent Dao Branco at 3s. for a large glass. The room is pleasant and colourful, rather in the style of a *pousada*, and the waiting good. Allow about 4s. to 5s. for the first course and 10s. to 12s. for the main, though there is an adequate set luncheon for 8s. 6d. And talking of Portugal, Warre's opinion is that 1963 will rank among the great port vintages.

Marco Polo, 95 King's Road, Chelsea. (FLA 0306.) Open luncheon and dinner to midnight, 11 p.m. on Sundays.

Fully licensed. Mr. Holland Kwok, who runs this restaurant, is a student of the various schools of Chinese cooking, and the kitchen is supervised by a man of great wisdom, Mr. Lo Koon, a chef in the Chinese Embassy in the 1920's. Mr. Kwok chose my luncheon for me. As an appetizer Shoa Mai, which is meat, prawns and diced vegetables wrapped in paste, followed by sweet and sour chicken, shredded pork and bamboo shoots, served with butterfly prawns and fried rice. Verdict, excellent. There followed lychees with green tea. We drank a French wine, a Chambertin of 1953, and finished with a Chinese liqueur, Mow Toy, 96° strength, quite different from any other liqueur, and definitely not for drivers. There is a minimum charge of 12s. 6d. in the evening, but a good meal, with a glass of wine, need not cost much more than 21s. W.B. evenings.

Dedham delights

Dedham is one of the most beautiful villages in Essex. Close by is the **Dedham Vale Hotel** (Dedham 2273), a most pleasant place in which to stay or eat a meal, all the more so because of the charming Swiss



staff. We ate a typical *table d'hôte* dinner, starting with a well-made thick soup, full of flavour, as was the grilled trout garnished with chopped almonds that followed. Then we had a tasty *escalope de veau* with properly cooked vegetables, and finally a choice of sweet, cheese or savoury. The wine list—their merchants are Lay & Wheeler—is well chosen and includes a notable bargain among the 1959 clarets.

Just down the road, and a convenient stop off the London-Ipswich road, is a restaurant run by the same family, **Le Talbooth** (Dedham 3150), formerly a 16th century toll-house. It is closed on Monday in winter. W.B. at both.

Wine note

A mild November day. The place, the offices of Evans Marshall in Idol Lane. The occasion, a luncheon party of seven and a tasting of Madeira wines. Memorable because, while we drank the splendid Cossart's Verdelho 1844 vintage Mr. John Baker reminded us

TO EAT

that in the cellars beneath our feet there lay literally the last bottle of this wine anywhere in the world. After luncheon we drank the last of three bottles—the other two were also below—of Cossart's 1838 Vintage Reserva Velhissima; and an 1862 Malmsey Vintage, which Blandy's class as one of the best ever of their wines. And so, most pleasantly, one was reminded of the virtues of Madeira, which can be drunk with advantage at almost any time between 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. There are plenty of excellent wines on the market at reasonable prices. I would cite in particular the dry Blandy's Sercial "S" at 18s. 6d. per bottle, and Cossart's London Sack, which can be bought at about £1.

France in London

La Ronde Gastronomique is to be held in the Chelsea Room at the Carlton Tower from 13 to 26 January. Each night regional dishes from Burgundy, Bordeaux, Normandy and Provence will be prepared by Le Chef Bernard, proprietor of Le Petit Bedon of Paris in co-operation with M. Pierre Gléize, proprietor of La Bonne Esape at Château Arnoux, Basque Alpes.

For all men, for all times, for all countries is how Grigori Kozintsev sees Shakespeare's Hamlet. The Russian film director spent eight years working on a scenario using Boris Pasternak's translation. Title role is played by Innokenty Smoktunovsky seen here at Ophelia's graveside. The two-and-a-half hour film (music by Shostakovich) has already had two brief showings in London but is now available to the general public at the Academy Cinema



GOING PLACES

Tunisia, a country about the size and shape of Portugal, tips south-east midway along the North African coast, sandwiched between Algeria and Libya. The flight route from Paris is due south, over Corsica and Sardinia, which Tunisia much resembles: cork forests inland and coral sands on the coast. Bear in mind that it is Mediterranean, though a few significant degrees farther south than the conventional riviéras, and you have a spring-time haven of early flowers and warm sunshine. The coral island of Djerba looks misleadingly sub-tropical and, in its physical aspect, is much like the Caribbean islands. In fact, it does not reach their kind of heat till June at least but one can sunbathe comfortably in spring, with swimming to taste.

Tunis, the capital, is a city that has grown up around the ruins of Carthage. Legends of Scipio and Hannibal, Dido and the love she "waft to come again" provide romantic overtones; but do not expect the Roman glory of Leptis Magna, whose temples and terraces grace the shores of neighbouring Libya. What does remain of Carthage—and that is very little, save for the remains of a Roman theatre and temple, hideously surrounded by modern villas—is the province of the more diligent antiquarians, and the odd householder in whose garden they periodically uncover a vase or two.

Rather, accept modern Tunis for what it is; capital of a new country, yet in essence still a French colonial town with broad boulevards, large brasseries and tables on the pavement. The new Hilton hotel, due to open next year, will put it squarely on the resort circuit. And it will add to the interestingly schizophrenic flavour that the city already possesses: dress, for example, is divided between Western and traditional, and some women still drag a veil coyly over their noses in the presence of men or strangers; they float through the streets in white robes like latter-day Vestal Virgins. A sight that charmed me was that of a peasant farmer, up from the country, who was peddling eggs piled carefully inside an

empty perambulator, next door to a new store which sold imported French silks. The *souks* of Tunis are typical of their kind but more fragrant than many, because oil of jasmine and attar of roses are among the most important stock in trade. Tiled wells, fountains and the occasionally exquisite rooftop gardens add up to a poetic impression of what we mean by Eastern, even though we are, in fact, talking of the south.

There are some pleasant places around Tunis, too; the beaches of Gammarth are only 10 minutes' drive outside the city. Search me for the reason, but they make their own season far more brief than it need be; the bathing establishments only get going between early July and mid-September, though there is a good month's leeway either side of superb swimming and sunbathing weather. The Dunes, an attractive open terrace restaurant with rustic decor and a West Indian band, draws a gay and civilized crowd.

Near Tunis too is the artists' village of Sidi Bou Said, piled high over the bay. I was never able to find out why everything that is not whitewashed should be painted in that particular china blue—spear-shaped doors, window shutters, garden gates—but so it is, and the result, allied to the flowering bougainvillea and hibiscus and white plumbago, is really enchanting to the eye. Sidi Bou Said restaurant is another attractive evening place, set in scented gardens with a starry view over the Bay of Hammamet. And in the old place in the village centre is a charming café, up a long flight of steps in what used to be the outer room to a mosque.

Cap Bon, a peninsula that sticks out like a stout thumb from Tunis toward the shores of Sicily, is like an untrodden Provence. Bare, low hills inland, allied to a luscious coast of oranges and olive groves and coral beaches, put it high among the Mediterranean beauties. The main resort is Hammamet, whose three hotels share a vast, two mile bay of wonderful sand and pale jade water: the swimming here would be hard to improve on, by any standards. Taste runs



ABROAD

to big hotels and more than a faint aura of the beer garden, but I very much liked the smaller Parc Plage and its cabanas, all set in sub-tropical gardens just above the beach. It also has a central restaurant with first class French/Arabic food. Hammamet is the resort for Tunis, and focal point of summer weekend life for the cottage and diplomatic colony. A glorious white mansion whose gardens are scented with jasmine and orange blossom now houses the Cultural Centre (an unfortunately weighty name for it) and its open air theatre, shrouded by eucalyptus trees.

Nabeul, the potters' village, and Kelibia, a picturesque fishing town, harbour the really local life. Kelibia has a glorious little beach of its own and, for fanciers of bistro living, I recommend a small café with a few bedrooms and a pretty dining patio, called the Florida.

Monastir lies at the southern

end of the same big bay of Hammamet. It is a growing resort and has been built, more or less from scratch, since Independence. There are three modern hotels, but the beauty is Skanes Palace, five minutes' drive along the coast. Tunisians consider it the best in the country, and no guest would quibble. The warm sea and white beach are complemented by a huge freshwater pool, surrounded by *chaises longues* and umbrellas. The decor in the bedrooms and public rooms is a brilliant blend of the best of contemporary Scandinavian and Italian decor. Night club, bar and super restaurant (with food to match) make it a place in which to take the weight off your mind as well as your feet for a few days. The rates (5 gns a day, full pension) are not expensive in terms of value for money. Slightly less luxe and accordingly cheaper, Les Palmiers, next door, is under the same management.

How to get there: Air France, via Paris, 3½ hours' flying time, by Caravelle. From 1 April, a 23-day excursion fare of £48 8s. is available. Up till then, the yearly fare is £64 11s.



The beach at Gammarth



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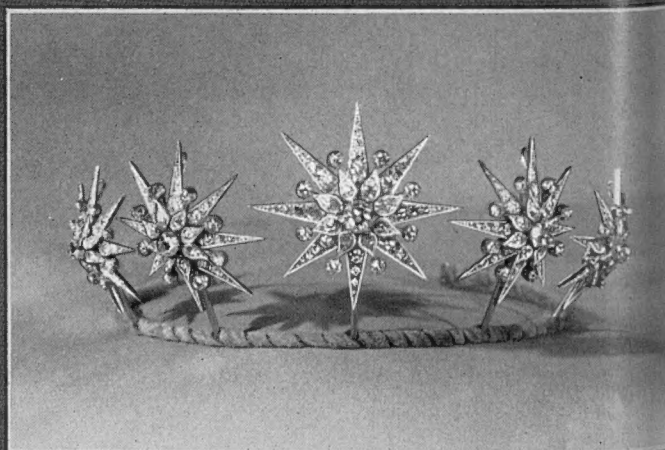
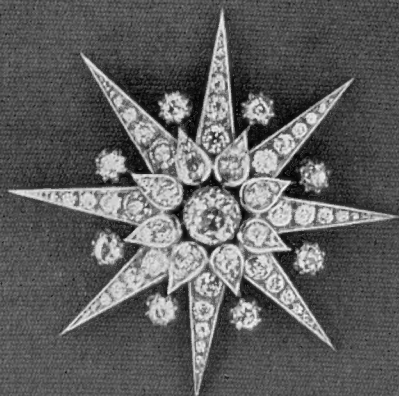
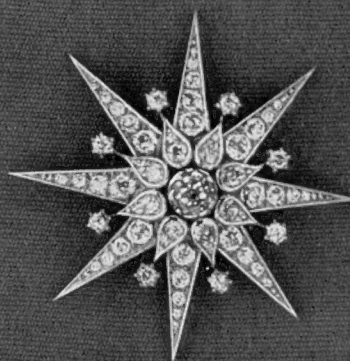
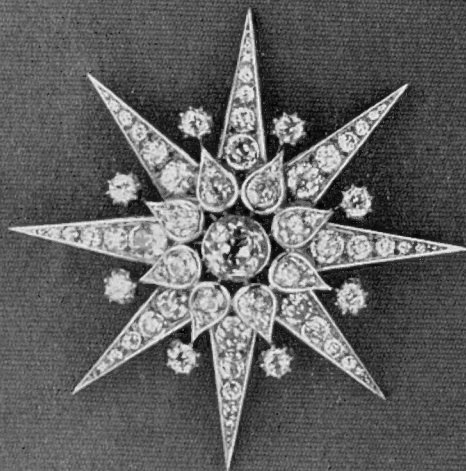
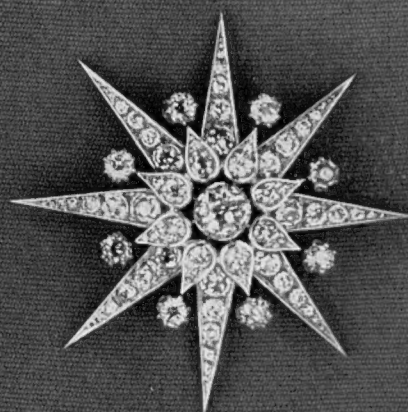
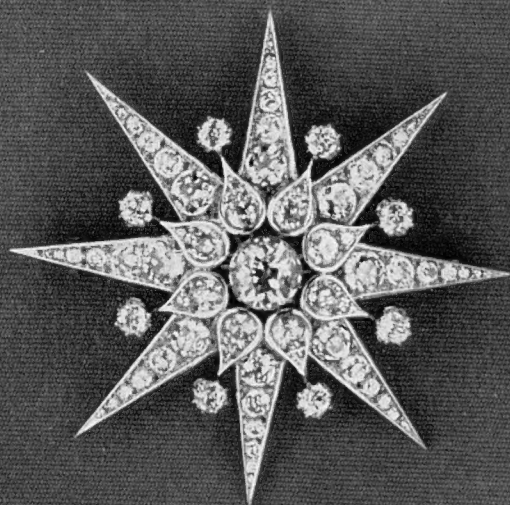
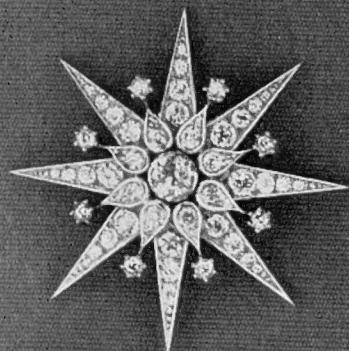
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A FIRST NIGHT FOR CHARITY



Mrs. Gay Kindersley was representative of the worlds of theatre and horsemanship at the charity première of *Our Man Crichton* at the Shaftesbury Theatre. She is the wife of the amateur steeplechase rider and the daughter of Hugh Wakefield, the actor. The première, in aid of the Injured National Hunt Jockey Fund, was attended by H.M. The Queen Mother, who was welcomed by the joint-chairmen Lady Aitken and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, wife of the well-known trainer. After the performance the stars of the show, Kenneth More and Millicent Martin, were presented to the Queen Mother in the Royal Box. More pictures by Desmond O'Neill overleaf

A FIRST NIGHT FOR CHARITY / CONTINUED



1 The Queen Mother

2 Mr. Dave Dick, the National Hunt jockey, buys a programme from Miss Virginia Kindersley, half-sister of Mr. Gay Kindersley

3 Mr. Edward Courage, the brewer and prominent racing figure

4 Mr. Clifford Nicholson, chairman of the Injured National Hunt Jockeys Fund, with Lady Aitken and her sister Mrs. Fulke Walwyn

5 Mr. David Stoddard buys a programme from Miss Fiona Pilkington

6 Mrs. Edward Courage and the Hon. John Lawrence, the amateur rider and sporting journalist. He is the son of Lord Trevethin & Oaksey

LIBERTY, FRATERNITY AND TECHNOLOGY

BY MURIEL BOWEN

Technology is the great talking point these days. It is tossed across the dinner table, forms the subject of innumerable lectures to groups and societies, it gets debated even at the women's clubs. But what interests me is when technology will give that promised "new dimension" (Labour Party handbook) to the writer's life. When will the touch of a button yield a sparkling phrase. I put the question to LORD SNOW who is Labour's spokesman on technology in the House of Lords. He is a great big man and he laughed until his chins shook. "Writers will never find their jobs done by machines," he said. "But more writers need to know a great deal more about technology."

MORE A WALL GAME

We were talking at the New Year's Eve party given by Lord Snow and his wife, novelist PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON, at their Kensington flat. They always welcome the New Year with a party. "Normally it is like a scrum but this year it is more like the Eton Wall Game," said Lady Snow, apologising for the crush. Not that one noticed it if one moved from room to room in the wake of the Olympian figure of Mr. KENNETH ADAM, the B.B.C.'s Director of Television.

At the party were academics like the HON. SIR STEVEN RUNCIMAN and DR. ENID STARKIE, politicians like Mr. ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN, the Postmaster General, & Mrs. WEDGWOOD BENN, and Mr. MAURICE EDELMAN, M.P., & Mrs. EDELMAN ("I hope Maurice doesn't start writing another book, I want to get away to Tangier"), and social figures like MARY DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE who wore the reddest of red dresses.

Any Liberals or Tories? "There must

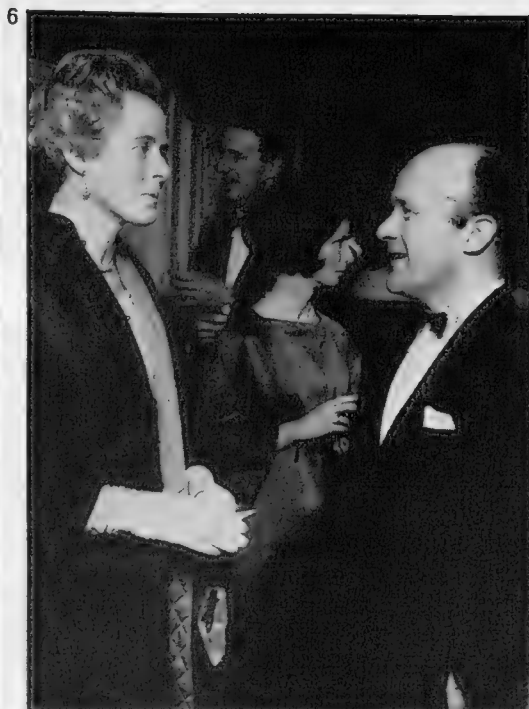
be some Tories—but I never know what my friends' politics are," said Lady Snow. LORD SHACKLETON, Minister of Defence for the R.A.F., talked of his new job. Moving from business to government, what did he miss most? "All those very intelligent women who used to work with me in business. I like intelligent women." Lord Shackleton was a director of the John Lewis Partnership. A gust of laughter came from the drawing room just as I left. Some of the guests had sighted a cartoon on the mantelpiece. The caption: Liberty, Fraternity and Technology.

MORE OF A 'CHASE

It was like a page from Somerville and Ross when the Oxford University Drag had a special invitation meet at Middleton Stoney House, near Bicester, home of Mr. & Mrs. DEREK ANCIL. Australian Mr. JOHN MYHILL, a philosopher, and the Drag's joint-Master (with Lord Irwin) had a smile all over his face as he greeted visitors from a dozen hunts.

The line hounds would take had been planned and pondered over for weeks. "We trimmed and shaped the fences until they were just the job," Mr. Myhill told me proudly. At the meet a map showing the route was presented to the HON. JOHN LAWRENCE by his friend Mr. Ancil. As things turned out Mr. Lawrence didn't need it. Mr. John Moloney, the undergraduate who laid the drag, had a much clearer idea of what was needed than the Cheltenham stewards.

The day's sport was more reminiscent of a fast 'chase than a hunt. At about the third fence Mrs. R. H. HAWKINS and several others passed the hounds. Her husband, CAPT. HAWKINS, joint-Master of the Grafton, would not have



approved, but the dash with which she crossed the country was quite something to see.

LESS THAN IMMACULATE

Mr. HAROLD SEBAG-MONTEFIORE, on London Pride (named after the London Tories' slogan, Take a Greater London Pride), was well to the fore, as were Mrs. PETER WALWYN; Mr. WILLIE ROBINSON on Grand National winner Team Spirit; Mr. JOHN DOBELL, a former Master and now in the Army; and Mr. STAN MELLOR.

Despite a couple of riders from the Duke of Beaufort's country who looked immaculate at the meet in their blue and buff, the sartorial parade wasn't up to Leicestershire standard. Mr. BOB MCCREERY, son of Gen. Sir Richard McCreery, was wearing a pale blue sweater with his silk hat. However Mrs. MCCREERY, looking very chic and correct, more than made up for her husband's unique ratcatcher. Probably the best-dressed man was Mr. PETER WALWYN in svelte swallowtail coat and top hat. Unfortunately, what was a shiny hat at the meet was a wreck at the end of the day. It met a ploughed field with considerable force, Mr. Walwyn's head still in it.

MORE LIKE AINTREE

Falls were due more to the pace than to the obstacles, though some of these were formidable. One fence resembled The Chair, biggest fence on the Aintree course. "That was a beauty—we trimmed it specially," Mr. Myhill recalled.

Some 80 per cent of the field finished, among them Mrs. FRED WINTER; Mr. BRIAN DULANTY; Mr. CHRISTOPHER MARIOTT; Mr. PETER HAWKINS; and Mr.

Quintin Hogg's daughter MARY. SIR ROBERT FOLKES, Br., on a difficult horse, was being congratulated by friends on "not coming off until the last fence."

One undergraduate came off three times and then got run away with by an Oxford hireling that has been behaving in this way with undergraduates for years. But at the end of the day some of the hirelings looked very chastened by the experience of having steeplechase jockeys on top. The day ended, as it had begun, with Mr. & Mrs. Derek Ancil's hospitality; 120 were entertained to tea.

MORE IN THE FIELD

Another gay hunting frolic was at Nine Elms where the Mid-Surrey Drag, of which the HON. PHILIP KINDERSLEY is Master, had their fourth annual invitation meet. Some of the visitors brought their horses almost 200 miles, stabling them overnight with Mr. GEORGE FORBES at Epsom.

LADY ELIZABETH BAKENDALE came from the neighbouring Southdown, and others included the HON. Mrs. NEWTON; the HON. Mrs. EDWARD GREENALL and Mr. JOHN KING from the Belvoir; SIR DEREK GREENAWAY from the Old Surrey & Burstow; and Mr. OLIVER WORSLEY and Mr. JOE GOODHART from the Middleton.

"Hounds ran about 8½ miles and we jumped 45 fences," Mr. Kindersley told me. "Some of us came off on the way—including myself!" Mr. TIM NICOLSON, son-in-law of Mr. & Mrs. John Rogerson, emerged from a ditch shivering and dripping wet. It did him no harm, though. Next day he rode a winner at Sandown.

Writing of hunting reminds me that the photograph of Miss GLORIA ABBEY in the issue of 16 December was taken at

the meet of the Cattistock at Grove House, Bradford Peverell, and not at the Manor House as stated in the caption.

MORE FOR JOCKEYS

A hefty proportion of England's racing life was shoehorned into the Shaftesbury Theatre for the gala performance of *Our Man Crichton*, a benefit for injured National Hunt jockeys. The QUEEN MOTHER headed the guest list.

LADY AITKEN and her sister Mrs. FULKE WALWYN turned out to be the sort of co-chairmen professional fund raisers coo about. The two sisters each wrote 500 letters asking for support, and had each member of their committee write upwards of 200 each. "They told us we fairly cracked the whip over them!" Lady Aitken said to me afterwards. More than £14,000 was raised, a truly gigantic sum from one evening.

The HON. JOHN LAWRENCE, one of the trustees of the fund, told me that the money is being held for future use. At present injured jockeys get a weekly sum from official funds for a period of up to two years. Then if totally disabled they get a lump sum of £6,000. But as Mr. Lawrence pointed out, this is only a drop in the bucket for a man who cannot earn any sort of living because of his disablement.

MORE THAN THE BEATLES

Public schools pop groups are drumming their way into popularity on the teenage social circuit. At the Beat Ball at Chelsea Town Hall (a benefit for the Hospital of St. John & St. Elizabeth) groups from two leading Roman Catholic schools, Ampleforth and Stonyhurst, provided much of the music. (See pictures on page 62.)

"We were not really tolerated at Stonyhurst to begin with," said ANTHONY D'ABREU, son of Mr. Francis D'Abreu, the surgeon. Anthony manages Stonyhurst's group known as The Brackets. "Then we started playing in youth clubs and hospitals and the official attitude changed." The Brackets started off as commercial rhythm and blues. Now the proper description, I am told, is authentic rhythm and blues.

What has been Ampleforth's reaction to the Quintet Anonymous? "Rather dubious," said the group's manager, the HON. JAMES NELSON, son of Lord Nelson of Stafford. "We are only allowed two hours practice together a week." This is a jazz band and the music it plays, Mr. Nelson told me ever so pleasantly, is the sort of thing that will "follow on" from the Beatles. He admires The Brackets but thinks the Quintet plays "a more advanced form of music."

If that doesn't rekindle old fires between Ampleforth and Stonyhurst I don't know what will.

DANCING THE YEAR AWAY

2



The teenagers took over the Chelsea Town Hall for the Beat Ball and danced the old year away to the music of three groups, including one from Stonyhurst College and another from Ampleforth College

1



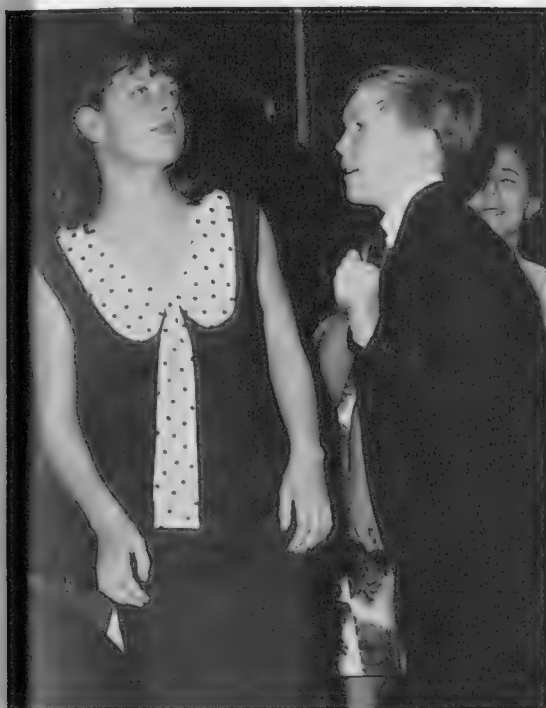
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PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



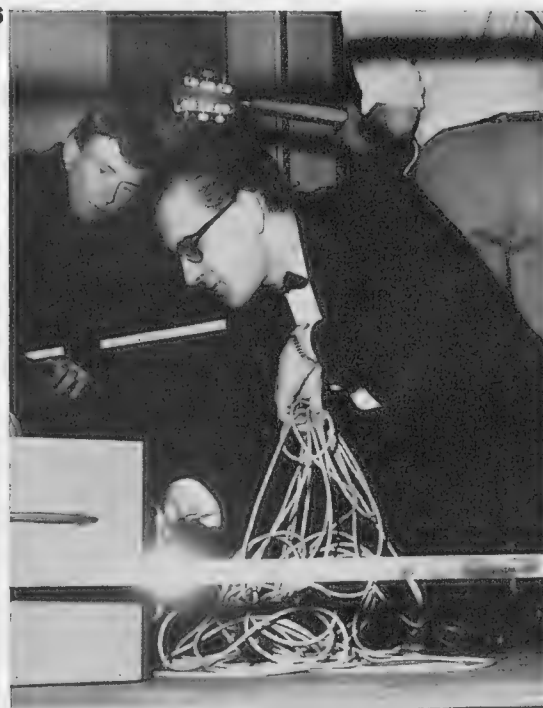
1 The Hon. Catherine Dormer, daughter of Lord & Lady Dormer

2 Miss Fiona Fairrie and Mr. Edmund Whelan

3 Miss Clare Armstrong and Robin While

4 Mr. John Leyden, Mr. Peter Douglas and Mr. Pat Eccles who are members of The Brackets, the Stonyhurst College group

5 Miss Sarah Darlot dancing with Mark Mackenzie-Charrington, who is a member of the Southdown Pony Club



6 Mr. Anthony d'Abreu, manager of The Brackets. At the piano Mr. Paul McAllister

7 The Hon. James Nelson, son of Lord Nelson of Stafford, adjusts the sound as Quintet Anonymous play. Mr. Nelson manages the group who are students at Ampleforth College, York. Drummer is Mr. James Smith

8 Miss Missy Ulmer



WINTER MEETING FOR SPRINGERS

Brilliant winter sunshine, a plentiful supply of birds and close competition made the Welsh Springer Spaniel Club's field trial meeting in Gloucestershire an exciting success. On its second day Mr. E. W. W. Bailey's estate Charlton Abbots Manor, at Andoversford, was the setting and members converged from all parts of England and, of course, Wales. Winner was Whittlemoor Tolley, owned and handled by Mr. A. E. Curtis

1 Ultimately the line reached 800 feet above sea level, but this pause after a long climb came soon after the beginning of the shoot. Leading are Mr. Talbot Radcliffe (with gun) and Mr. R. E. Barritt of Bod Idris, Llandegla, a competitor

2 Mrs. E. W. W. Bailey on whose husband's land the trials were held. Mr. Bailey and son Tristan (with her here) were two of the guns

3 Mr. William Edwards and Dr. D. A. White, conferring judges

4 Mrs. D. Morriss with her entry Stokecourt Denethorp Dyran after it had retrieved

5 Cyrilla Lady Belhaven & Stenton, with her own entry Saughton's Saint with which she gained second place

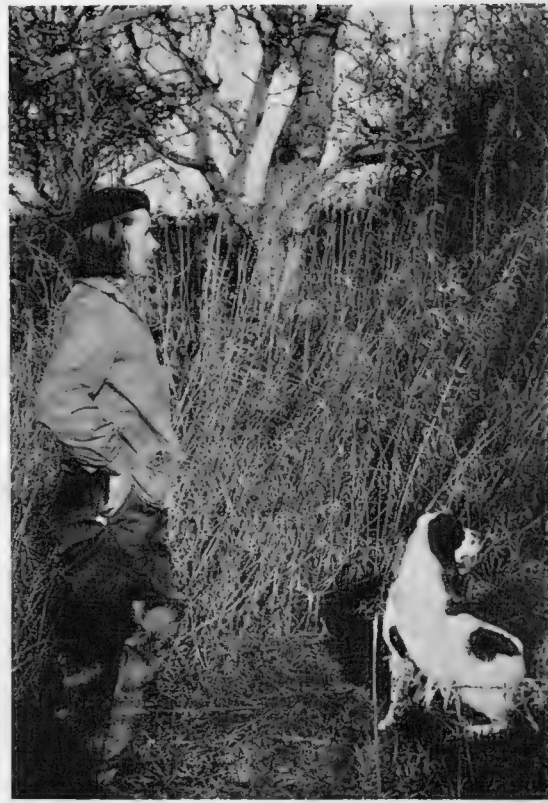
6 Mrs. H. J. H. Leopard, wife of the chairman of the meeting





7 Stokecourt Sam, owned by Mrs. D. Morriss waits while its handler Mr. J. Wylie takes a fence in his stride

8 Colonel Sam Hood, one of the guns



LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

BY JESSIE PALMER

Recently two mothers with deb-age daughters began discussing the disadvantages of Scots girls "more or less having to go to London for the season." They decided they would do something about it and planned an experimental Scots version of the Queen Charlotte's Ball, to be called simply A Country House Dance. Now, Mrs. R. J. Normand of Edinburgh and Mrs. K. W. B. Middleton of Haddington, the joint secretaries of the dance committee, have every reason to be pleased with their brainwave, for the dance, held recently, was a great success. They're already eager to continue the fun, with this year's dance held rather earlier, possibly about the beginning of August.

"We should like to have the dance in a different country house each year," Mrs. Middleton told me. "The difficulty will be to find sufficient country houses near Edinburgh, with large enough ballrooms."

A new ballroom

The committee was certainly fortunate with its first choice. Luffness, at Aberlady, lent for the occasion by Col. & Mrs. A. J. G. Hope of Luffness whose daughter Caroline will be coming out this year, is one of the oldest inhabited houses in Scotland, though the magnificent ballroom adjoining the original Peel Tower is comparatively modern. It was built for the coming-of-age ball of Col. Hope's father. Candlelight becomes Luffness; it became the young dancers and their mothers too, in the ballroom, in the entrance hall with its gloriously welcoming log fire, and in the billiard room that was used for supper. The seasonal decorations were the work of Mrs. Geraldine Gubbins of Haddington. There were about 150 guests altogether. The young ones included Sheriff & Mrs. Middleton's daughter Caroline, Commander & Mrs. J. A. Ogilvy's daughter Diana (who shared their coming out dance at Luffness last September), and Lord & Lady Clydesmuir's daughter, the Hon. Diana Colville. She will be coming out this year but before then she is going down to London to take that increasingly popular Look and Learn course.

Sir Philip & Lady Grant-Suttie were among

the young marrieds who seemed to be enjoying themselves quite as much as the debs and near-debs.

A ball for Christmas

About 250 guests from all parts of Scotland as well as from England attended the coming-out ball given just before Christmas by her parents, Capt. & Mrs. Melville S. Jameson for their youngest daughter, Caroline.

"We thought it would be a nice time to have it with so many people home for Christmas," Mrs. Jameson told me. The ball itself was held at the Station Hotel in Perth with dancing to the Cam Robie band, but a dinner party at Easter Logie preceded it. Caroline, who is 17, has just left Cheltenham Ladies' College. She is planning to go to Paris in the spring to further her study of French. Her brother Melville has just passed out from Sandhurst and is now in the Royal Scots Greys. He will be going to Germany shortly. Next big social event in the Jameson family will be his coming-of-age party in the summer.

A bank for women

Britain's first women-only bank was opened recently in Edinburgh's Princes Street by the National Commercial Bank of Scotland. Scotland's first woman bank manager, Miss Margaret M. Reid, who hails from Thurso, is in charge. Miss Reid is an Associate of the Institute of Bankers in Scotland and was for 25 years with the Thurso branch of the Bank.

The branch has all sorts of "extras" not usually associated with high finance. Music greets you as you open the door and coffee cups clink as customers consider the state of their finances. "The manager always used to give coffee to anyone who called on him. This is just an extension of that idea," Miss Reid told me. Easy chairs set around low tables give the place a pleasantly relaxed atmosphere and there's a powder room with the most feminine of fittings—blue velvet curtains, pink hand basins and all.

Miss Reid claims that she is "going to do everything to make her customers feel at ease."



Princess Alexandra and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy at their home in Richmond Park on Christmas Eve to join other members of the Royal Family at Windsor Castle. With them went their son James.

ROYAL CHILDREN ON HOLIDAY



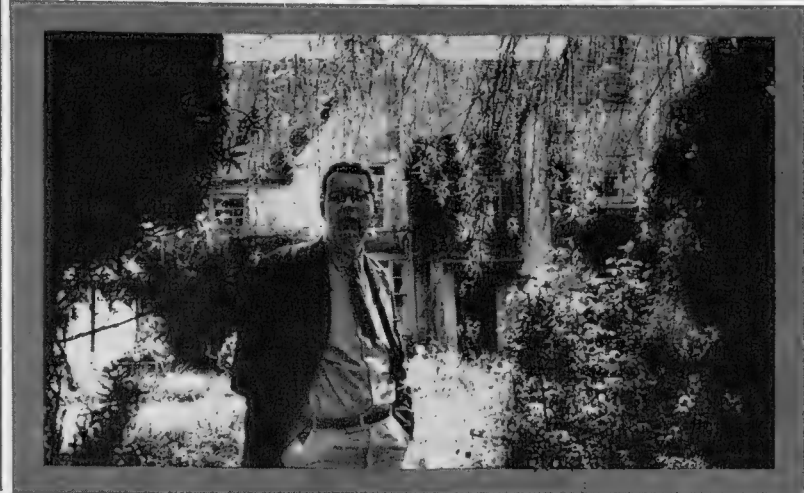
Above: Prince Edward and Prince Andrew with the Queen Mother at Liverpool Street Station. They had just left Windsor Castle with the Queen for their journey to Sandringham. Above left: Prince Franz Josef and Princess Gina of Liechtenstein were hosts to Princess Anne when she went skiing there. Left: Prince Charles, also in Liechtenstein with his father and sister, had a fall on his first ski-run but was unhurt

PAINTER



AT HOME

2



5



Professor Lawrence Gowing, principal of the Chelsea and Polytechnic Schools of Art, formerly for many years a Trustee of the Tate Gallery and an organizer last year of the epochal Gulbenkian exhibition, lives in a country house at Lambourn, parts of which date back to the original 16th-century building. Gowing is a man who likes to live among other men's pictures as Romano Cagnoni's photographs show. In turn the surrounding Berkshire countryside has influenced the choice of subjects for his own paintings. Tatler art critic Robert Wraight writes of the 37 pictures painted by Lawrence Gowing over the last six years and now on exhibition at the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery in Old Bond Street: "All are landscape paintings. Or, to be more exact, all are paintings inspired by landscapes around the artist's home. They show the evolution of a striking personal form of abstraction from the notable realism for which Gowing's painting has hitherto been admired. Dance's Wood, Gifford's Copse, Willis's Wood, Cleve Hill—the names of favourite spots appear again and again over the years in the titles of his pictures. And the pictures themselves show how, out of an obsession with a particular scene, the artist's imagination produces a disciplined image of what for him is the essence of the original motif."

Gowing's interest in painting began at a Herefordshire prep school, the Downs School, Colwall, where he was taught by a remarkable man named Maurice Feild who now does part-time teaching at the Slade. Feild's pupils included, besides the young Gowing, artists Kenneth Rowntree, Andrew Forge, Anthony Hill, Anthony Fry, Francis Hoyland and Patrick George. Also at the school, but in an earlier year, was W. H. Auden and it was through him that Gowing met Sir William Coldstream, head of the Slade.

In painting Gowing's name is nearly always associated with that of Coldstream. As a young man he was one of the "Coldstream boys," one of the many talented young students who attended the Euston Road School found by Coldstream, Victor Pasmore and Claude Rogers in 1937.

In early days Gowing wanted to be a documentary film producer, Auden warned him off but put him in touch with Coldstream who was just giving up film producing to go back to painting. Gowing followed him.

There was a plan once for Gowing to clerk in an insurance company but just then his pictures began to sell and he never had to go. "Kenneth Clark bought two and convinced my parents I ought to be a painter." Gowing's father gave him 30 shillings a week while he studied.

In 1948 when he was 30, Gowing was appointed Professor of Fine Art at Durham University. "There I attempted to organize a new sort of art school in which practice and history would receive equal prominence. As it turned out, this conception became popularly accepted soon after. It is the pattern to which the new Dip. Ed. schools now approximate."

For most artists such early success would have been enough to make them stick exclusively to painting, but for him there was always the urge to teach and to write as well. "I am a very dispersed character," he confesses. Today he tries to give three days a week to painting but his many other activities rarely permit it.

1 Gowing is one of the rare contemporary artists who still like to work outdoors. 2 Most of the garden side of the house dates from the 16th century. 3 In the drawing room, top, a clair-obscur woodcut by Parmigianino and, left, an abstract by Sonja Delaunay from the back of a menu of the Venetian restaurant La Columba which guests are encouraged to take home as a souvenir. 4 Pride of the dining room is an early Poussin which shows the painter during his first years in Italy still strongly under Venetian influence. 5 Dutch 18th-century chest of drawers with unusually graceful intarsias in the dining room; above, Picasso's etchings for the Natural History of the French 18th-century scientist Buffon.

Opposite page: Gowing has a practical and inventive turn of mind. Some of the latest paintings at the Marlborough are made up of hexagonal shapes of colour that suggest the use to which the painter puts the chicken wire screen he is holding.



Growing up gracefully

BY WILLIAM SANSOM

It is well known that we age, not only gracefully, but suddenly. We can look in a mirror each day for several years, note a wrinkle here, a crease there—but one day, by some awful purity of light or change of glass, see staring back a whole new and suddenly changed creature. There is no return from this apparition: the path is forward, never back, round towards full circle, a second childhood, and ultimately a colder womb.

We not only grow but grow up suddenly. When I became a father, I did not fully realize the fact until my son was about eight years old. I had, of course, lived in a hazy way through a flag day of nappies, made the acquaintance of a vast college of rubber ducks, felt an unnatural gulp in the throat at the sight of a small pyjama-ed figure C.-Robining off to bed, suffered a fearful return to my own schooldays when later I saw a grey uniform and a red cap about. I once saw my wife stretched out reading *inside* the playpen, with the boy at large outside, her only means of peace. And there was a morning when the bath-waste was mysteriously blocked—I had a go at it with one of those unstoppers. One needs to fill the bath full of water to get a good pressure, so father in the northern light pumped away with his gynaecological-looking thing down into the pale green lalique-looking wet—and slowly, slowly, one by one, there floated up from the plughole a posse of black-suited frogmen, each immacu-

lately equipped with this or that underwater drill or plastic bombery. They rose slowly through the green, becoming huge and real in father's eyes, eyes that now suspected something perhaps was unusual in the world, something was afoot.

What was afoot was learned a year later when father grew up in one illuminative second to his full state of parenthood. It was quite simple. He went into the same bathroom with bare feet and cut his toe on one of his son's nail parings. In that one big bloody second he realized he was a Dad. Here was spawned not an idea, but a thing, a real horny Thing.

But what I am getting to is a growing-up experience of a friend of mine, who had a son, and this son of eight had a reasonable fixation about burglars, and my friend bought a smallish bulldog to give the boy a feeling of security. This dog, Caspar, very quickly improved into a massive beast—in a month or two, as if someone had just blown him up through some rubber tit—but even then Caspar's nervous system outpaced him. He became, and is today, a big bulging muscular white-black-and-beige mass of private fantasies. For instance, in a car, when he sees traffic lights, he comes over very queer, drools, rolls his eyes and shivers. What does such a dog see? Possibly some awful three-eyed chow looking at him sideways, winking a fearsome green, red, yellow? Or do traffic-lights smell of some

particular coloured electricity? This doubtable dog was also terrified of fire and would never think of hurting one, indeed anyone or anything. He had neither bite nor bark.

Caspar had real dreams too. When he was asleep it was like a plumber's beat feast. It was as if the moment had finally come when oil and water mix. Glutinous aqueous viscous orchestrations of unbelievable complexity and volume bleated from his bulldog's nose, specially savoured for the job. So Caspar snored and shivered and occasionally yelped aloud as some vision of a two-headed terrier or a can with a dog tied to its tail crossed the screen of his dreamland. Generally speaking, nobody could sleep when Caspar slept; the whole room shuddered with noise, and this was why one afternoon the mistress-mother and the boy went to rest in another room with the door shut. And, of course, this was the day the burglar came and got away with a handbag very full of money, the sound of his movements efficiently covered by Caspar's snores.

When the theft was later discovered, and the husband alerted home from his office, the poor man was naturally excited and paced round the flat faster than usual. This for some profoundly subtle reason excited Caspar, and at last, for the first time in his life, he upped and bit his Master. It was a Moment of Truth. Man found that his best friend had finally grown up.



TRIP TO THE LUNE

Writer **JOHN WINTON** and photographer **MORRIS NEWCOMBE** visit an Edwardian valley

To an outsider, the Vale of Lune appears at first sight to be populated by a race of people who make a precarious living, not exactly by taking in one another's washing, but perhaps by tying one another's fishing flies and cleaning one another's shotguns. While the traffic hurtles along the M6 motorway near Lancaster, the valley of the Lune only a few miles away is settled in a rare, almost Edwardian, calm. The old county families of Lancashire have not adapted to change as resiliently as their neighbours in other northern counties. The Vale is now their last strong-hold.

The River Lune (or Loyne, Lone, Lun, or Lan, as it has been variously called in the past) rises in the rocky gorges and moors above Tabay, in Westmorland, and flows south and west for 50 miles to its estuary below the city of Lancaster. At Kirkby Lonsdale, the small grey market town on the borders of Westmorland and Lancashire, the river enters a quiet agricultural valley where nothing much ever seems to happen. This is the Vale of Lune, about which John Ruskin—never a man to award idle praise—wrote in *Fors Claveriga*: "The valley of the Lune at Kirkby Lonsdale is one of the loveliest scenes in England, therefore in all the world." From Kirkby down to

Mr. Geoffrey Bowring, County Councillor for Lonsdale, and his wife stand on the terrace of their home, Hatch Park, with a wide view across the valley to the Forest of Bowland. It's a landscape that demonstrates pretty clearly why Lancashire County Council have designated the Vale of Lune an area of out-

standing natural beauty. Mrs. Bowring comes from a family whose name is famous in the North—the Storeys of Lancaster. Like many people prominent in local affairs her husband is concerned that the valley should resist the tremendous pressures likely to be exerted on it in the future.

Halton, near the motorway, it is a country of farmers, fishermen, and philosophers, where Hall and Church are still predominant in village life, and where the cock pheasants jay-walk across the minor roads with a sublime resignation to fate approaching that preached by Islam. The Romans were the first to test the strength of the Vale of Lune's resistance to any changes imposed from outside (this resistance is still strong: the modern property developer from London or Birmingham meets the same wary hostility that greeted Agricola in A.D. 79). The native Brigantes, the original men of Lunesdale, understandably resented the legions' presence beside *Al Aon*, the "silvery river," and their ambushes forced the Romans to build a string of forts along the great military highway to the east of the Lune which was part of the complex of Roman roads linking Manchester and Coccium (now known as Wigan) with Carlisle and Scotland. An important Roman military station, probably called Alaunum, has been excavated at Burrow Hall, near Carnforth, the present seat of Earl Temple of Stowe.

The next invasions were politer evolutions, much more in keeping with the temper of the valley. The Angles and Saxons in the 5th century and the Norsemen in the 8th and 9th centuries cleared strips of land,

founded settlements, and gave names to most of the villages and local landmarks. Earl Tostig was a major landowner in Lunesdale until the Conquest. Only the barbarian Scots, intoxicated by their heady success at Bannockburn, laid waste to the valley in a most ungentlemanly manner and it was some years before the Vale of Lune could return to what had already become its traditional tranquillity. Revenge came 200 years later, at Flodden Field. To cries of "On Stanley, On!" Sir Edward Stanley of Hornby Castle and his Lancashire Archers (all described in the old ballad as "most lively men on Lonsdale bred") broke the attack of Lennox and Argyle on the left of the English army and turned the day, for which service Sir Edward was created Lord Mounteagle. The title lapsed in the male Stanley line but was revived when, on 26 October, 1605, the 3rd Lord Mounteagle's grandson received an anonymous letter warning him to stay away from the House of Commons when Parliament reassembled on 5 November. The discovery of the Gunpowder Plot followed and the Harleian MSS record that "William Parker was, by King James, in right of his mother created L. Mounteagle, for revealing a letter conteyning sparkles of ye Gunpowder Treason."

Oliver Cromwell was another who found, as the Romans had before him, that the

Vale of Lune was no place for the well-meaning reformer. The whole valley was strong for the King (as it was later, and remains still, strong for the Tory Party). Hornby Castle was only captured after heavy Roundhead losses and was afterwards destroyed. Thurland Castle was besieged twice, being taken on the second occasion after a siege lasting six weeks. Thurland escaped the fate of Hornby but Mrs. Nuttall, the present chatelaine, still finds the odd Parliamentary cannonball on her estate—and keeps Thurland moat filled with water.

After the Restoration the Vale of Lune turned in upon itself, and the countryside had changed very little when it was painted by Turner and described by Charlotte Brontë, who went with her sisters to the Clergy Daughters' School at Cowan Bridge. The old Lunesdale families—with names such as Shuttleworth, Pearson, Croft, Wilson, Garnett, North and Curwen—lived their quiet lives as country gentry, marrying and intermarrying, managing their estates and improving their houses. The Elizabethan farmhouses were enlarged at a time of prosperity in the wool trade towards the end of the 17th century and by the 18th and 19th centuries some of them had grown into considerable mansions. The Georgian age was brought in by Thomas Fenwick at Burrow Hall in 1740.



Dr. Michael Simpson has just moved his wife and family from Bristol to the Vale of Lune where he can be near the newly-opened University of Lancaster and still live the country life. Dr. Simpson is Reader in the Department of Operational Research—first Chair of its kind at any university in the country. He defines the faculty rather dauntingly as "the science of decision-making in commercial, industrial and military matters."



Mr. John Holt is one of a new generation of young energetic farmers in Lunesdale. He came to the Vale eight years ago and married a local girl. He now farms 300 acres at Raw Ridding near Wennington, is one of the first farmers in the valley to install a cubicle milking system that will increase his production by half without increasing his labour force.



Mr. Roger Fulford, historian and author (*Queen Victoria, Votes for Women, Dearest Child*), walking in the grounds of Barbon Manor, his home in the remote fastnesses of Barbondale which he only leaves occasionally—and with the greatest reluctance—to go to London.

Leck Hall followed in 1803 and Underley Hall, of the Cavendish-Bentincks, was built by Alexander Nowell in 1825. The Victorians took the original houses and added extra wings, mock-Gothic towers and machicolated façades, substituting, in their long period of peace, the semblance for the reality of war.

There have, of course, been casualties—Rigmaden, the home of the Wilsons, is derelict; Underley Hall is a Roman Catholic seminary; and Sir Henry Darlington's old home at Melling Hall is now an hotel—but a high proportion of Lunesdale people still live where their families have lived for 100 years or more. There are still Wilsons at Rigmaden, though not in the big house, Pearsons at Gressingham, and Norths at Newton.

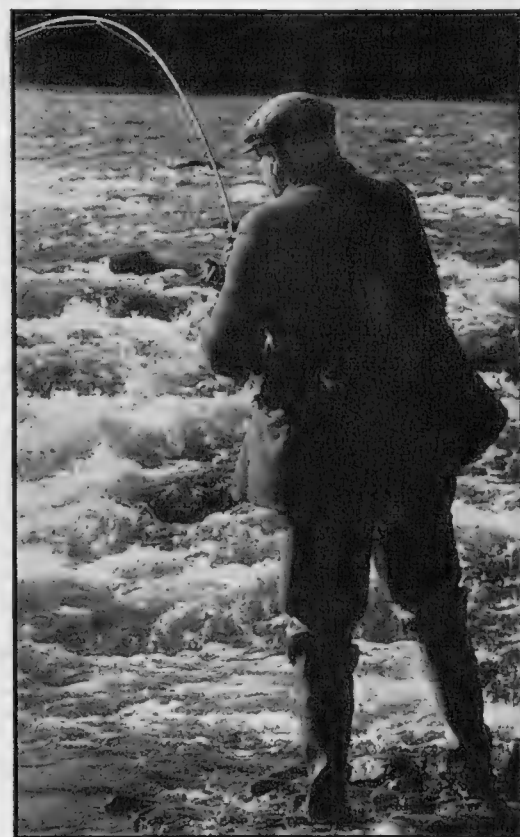
The completion in 1847 of the "Little North Western Railway," running from Skipton in Yorkshire to Morecambe, opened up trade to Ireland, but the Vale of Lune remained isolated, developing an individuality amounting almost to eccentricity: every 21 years until 1887 the villagers of Aughton boiled a gargantuan plum pudding in a vast oblong copper, for no very clear reason except that it seemed a pleasant thing to do. And, significantly, the lady who tricked the Devil into building his bridge at Kirkby

(continued on page 75)

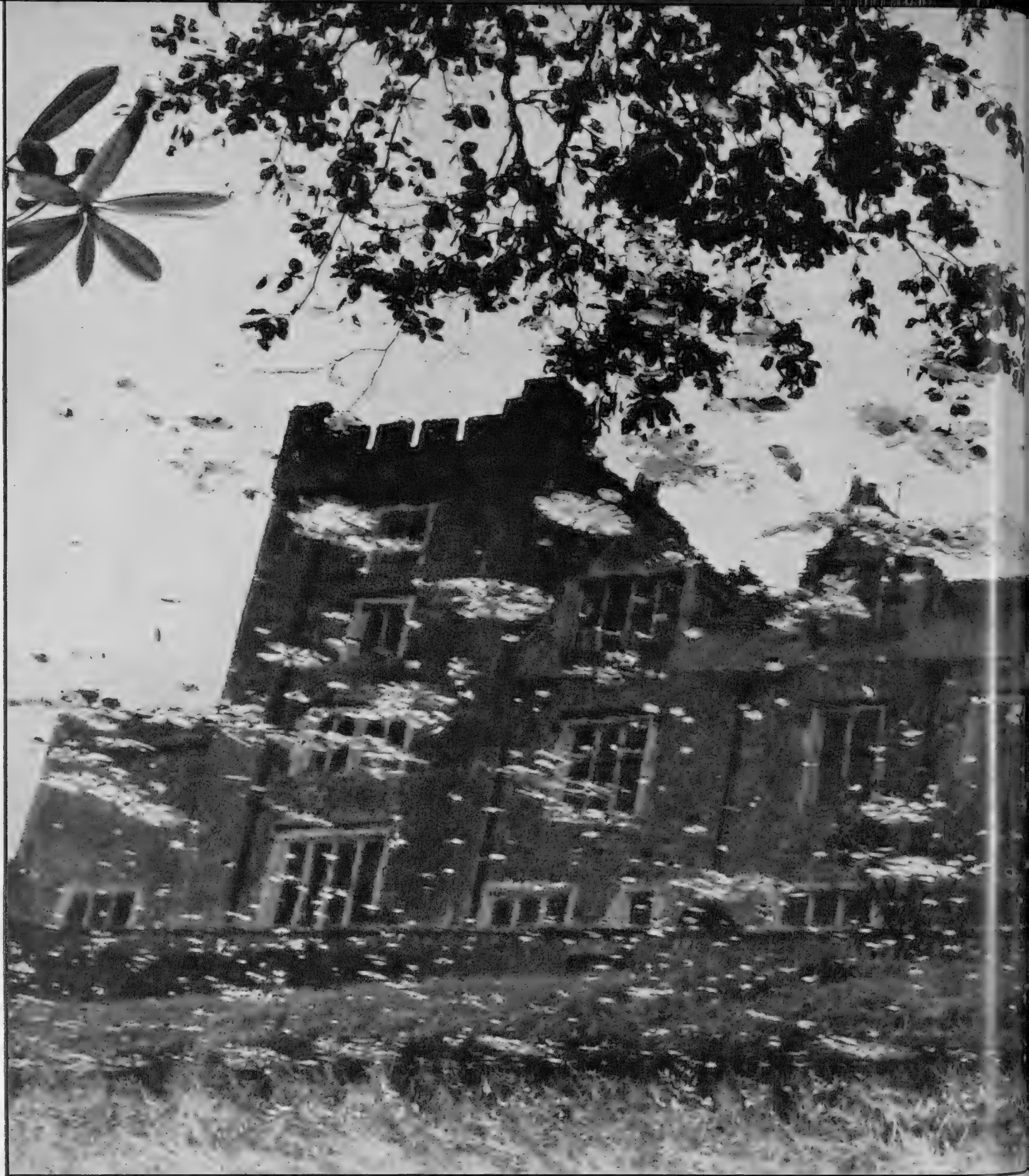


Lord Shuttleworth with his youngest son Edward, aged two, in the garden at Leck Hall, near Cowan Bridge. The Shuttleworths came to the Vale of Lune when it was still being raided by the Scots in 1388. They bought the Barbon estate in Armada year, 1588. Today they are representative

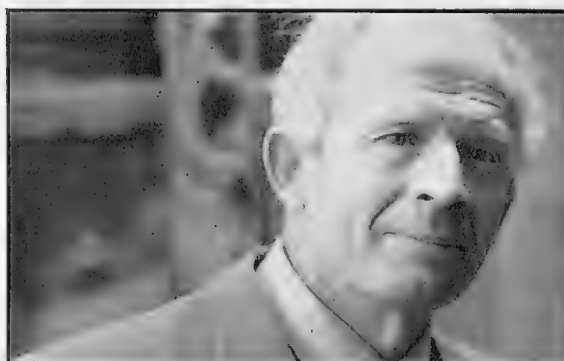
of the old Lunesdale families, hospitable, intensely involved in local affairs but quick to defend their valley and nervous that it might be despoiled by outsiders. Lord Shuttleworth owns and manages one of the largest Lunesdale estates, is a J.P., and Vice-Chairman of Lunesdale R.D.C.



Mr. Harry Lawson is one of the Lancashire River Board's seven bailiffs on the Lune and manager of the Board's hatcheries at Middleton. Fishing rights of a good beat on the Lune cost £20,000 a mile



Above is Thurland Castle, near the village of Tunstall, and in fact you are seeing a mirror image because the photographer shot the reflection of the castle in its moat. Thurland, one of the few moated castles left in England, was once the citadel of Sir Brian Tunstall, the "stainless knight" of Flodden fame in Scott's *Marmion*. It remains as a symbol of the Vale of Lune's attitude towards boorish outsiders with no manners, mindful still of the days when Thurland was twice besieged by the Roundheads, only falling after a six weeks' siege. Mr. Stephen Harris (*right*) came to live in Barbon with his family just after the



war. To him the Vale is somewhere quiet where he can paint and get away from what he calls "the phoney aboriginals of modern art." Mr. Harris paints portraits by commission but has also established a considerable reputation as a restorer and renovator of old paintings. Mr. Jack Johnson (*right*) is probably one of Lunesdale's best-known characters. He has been an agricultural auctioneer in Lancaster for more than 30 years and a popular Master and joint-Master of the Vale of Lune Harriers for the last 16 seasons. He farms 200 acres near his home at Halton Green and might be taken as the archetype of the



Lonsdale was, according to the old poem, "an old maid, queer in her ways" who lived "close by the Lune, in former days."

The Lune is one of the best, and most accessible, salmon rivers in the north-west and fishing the Lune was always a manorial right, only rarely allowed to the riparian owner. Today, fishing on the Lune goes to the highest bidder, and the bidding goes high indeed. In 1962 the fishing rights to $1\frac{1}{8}$ miles of one bank of the Lune upstream from Claughton Ford were sold for £21,500, and other banks have been sold for comparable or higher prices since; the present going rate of a good beat on the lower Lune has been worked out by the locals at "six shillings an *inch*, before you've even taken a fish."

The administration of a river which yields an average of 3,500 salmon and 3,000 sea trout to rod and net every year is a complicated business which is presided over by the Lancashire River Board. The Board's bailiffs, working with the police, show an admirable zeal in tracking down poachers. The romantic figure of the side-whiskered poacher, with his net and his dark lantern, has gone. The modern poacher comes out by car from the towns and poisons a whole stretch of the river as casually as though it were a wasps' nest. Last year the Board brought more than 200 prosecutions for fishing offences committed on the Lune. Some of the offences read like schoolboy pranks—"Throwing stones for facilitating the taking of fish" and "Refusing to allow bailiff to examine pockets"—but others—"Using an illegal instrument" or "Using fixed engine for taking migratory trout"—have a clinical or mechanical flavour which hardly accords with the popular image of angling.

Over the years the Vale of Lune has received a steady trickle of newcomers. They came to retire after a lifetime abroad, or because they had family connections in the valley, or because they had made money in business or industry and wished to bring up (Continued overleaf)



Lunesdale countryman—bluff and blunt with a knock-me-down sense of humour and a shrewd eye for a horse or a bargain. Mrs. Roslin Williams (*right*) is one of the world's acknowledged experts in the breeding, training and judging of gun-dogs. Her own dogs have won innumerable prizes at Crufts and at championship shows and field trials up and down the country. She spends half the year travelling to judge at shows and trials and the other half at her house beside the exquisite lake Lily Mere, near Sedburgh. Her father, Sir Henry Darlington, owned Melling Hall for many years



their families in the country. Provided they didn't frighten the horses or make Radical speeches, most of them were gradually accepted. But in the last 10 years the Vale of Lune has begun to suffer an invasion far more dangerous than any in the past, carrying threats which even the Goths and Visigoths never dreamed of. A new and alien tribe has appeared—the Commuters. The motorway that has brought Lunesdale within easy reach of Manchester and even of Birmingham, the newly-opened University of Lancaster, and the growing industries in that city, have all created a pressure for housing space which has already breached the lower end of the valley. Lancashire County Council have defined the Vale of Lune as an area of outstanding natural beauty and are restricting development to the two southernmost villages of Caton and Halton. Meanwhile the property men prowl the rest of the valley in a manner which would have interested the hosts of Midian, though so far not with the same success. The Lunesdale estates may be small but they are firmly owned and surely a valley that has looked after itself since the time of Hadrian is not going to succumb now. Nevertheless, as time goes by many people in the Vale of Lune may begin to think of that moat at Thurland Castle as a very good idea.



Mr. Jonty Wilson (*above*) is blacksmith, broadcaster, northern TV personality, local historian and gifted raconteur. He has been the blacksmith in Kirkby Lonsdale for 57 years and his family have lived in Kirkby at least since the Church registers began after the Reformation and probably for much longer than that. Mrs. Richard Gaisford (*below*) lives at Gresgarth Hall and admits to finding the Vale of Lune a little quiet after travelling with

her husband, Captain Gaisford, R.N. (retd.), through his Service career. Gresgarth was once a monks' resthouse and parts of it date from the 12th century. The neo-Gothic castellated roofline, and the south wing that looks like a chapel, but isn't, were added in the 19th century. The house has been in Mrs. Gaisford's family—the Denis de Vitres—for a hundred years but the Gaisfords have a list of everyone who has lived there since 1330



Wednesday, January 13

Good resolutions rarely outlast the New Year chimes. What we all need is a later reminder to keep us up to the mark. Which is why Evelyn Forbes picked the second Wednesday in January, instead of the first day, to list her personal, not-to-be-departed-from decisions for beauty care in 1965

Decision 1

I shall brush my hair (a hundred strokes), brush out hairspray at bedtime and gently massage my scalp (two minutes) moving the skin of the head rather than my fingers. Once a week I shall shampoo my hair, rinsing really thoroughly. I shall have it cut and shaped not less than once a month, and re-styled every six. Even if I am able to go to my hairdresser every week, I shall still practise until I can give my hair a really expert shampoo and set. I shall also keep up-to-date on the latest in colour and hairstyle news.

Decision 2

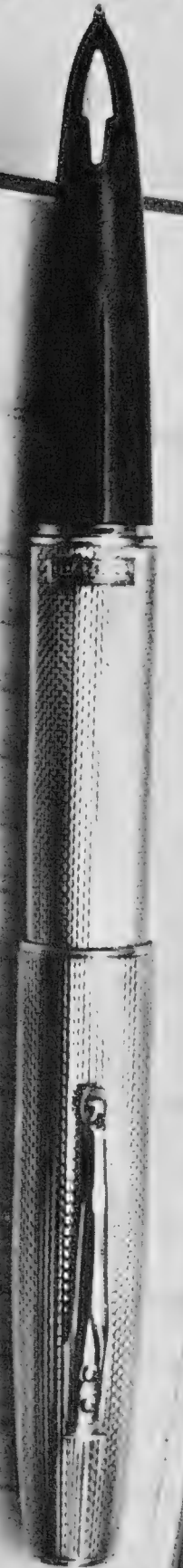
I shall clean my skin really thoroughly at bedtime—that means two applications of cleansing cream or cleansing milk followed, unless my skin is feeling very sensitive, with a soap and water wash, using good soap and soft water, e.g. rain water or water that has been boiled and cooled. Next I shall counter the drying effects of central heating, slimming diets and the hustle and bustle of a busy life by replacing the oil and moisture that keeps the skin smooth and unlined. That means a nightly massage (two minutes) with skin food and a moisture preparation used under the make-up base.

Decision 3

I shall aim to lose ten pounds but to lose it slowly, steadily and safely. That means Sweetex in tea and coffee; tomato juice or soda and pure lemon juice, fresh or bottled, in place of alcohol. An apple or orange in place of pudding, a second green vegetable instead of potatoes, and starch reduced rolls (two) rather than bread. I shall walk part of the way to shops or office, breathing in to a count of six or eight steps, out to a similar number. I shall take the stairs two steps at a time and do a tummy tight exercise while waiting for the bus.

Decision 4

Staying young is as much a state of mind as of body so I shall get rid of age consciousness, refuse to hark back to past joys or sorrows, and look forward expectantly. I shall avoid being critical or censorious. I shall keep my muscles toned and watch my posture for elderly tricks like dragging myself upstairs: pulling myself up from the chair by the arms, and walking with feet turned out or holding head or shoulders bent. I shall pay special attention to the parts of the body where the years show first—the skin about the eyes, the throat and the hands. I shall not get into a rut with hairstyle or make-up. A half-yearly check with an expert is a good idea.



FASHION BY UNITY BARNES

Bleak winter days bring out the dormant cave-woman in us. It's a back-to-nature urge for the practical benefits of fur, tempered by a 1965 feeling that it must look casual, topical, even a little ostentatious: never prosaic.

The new approach to fur design runs on just these lines, and this year's cave-girls are assured of a lot of fun with furs

Photographs by Vernier

An exuberant, weather-beating coat in Saga blue fox, threequarter length, is worked horizontally for a deliberately bulky effect. 340 gns. from Furs Renée. The contrasting neat-headed look is achieved by Otto Lucas's beige jersey turban rimmed with velvet, from Harrods.

Opposite page: Fur at its most casual: brown and white calfskin used in a long-drawn-out jerkin, the sleeves, hipband and big roll collar all knitted in sepia wool. £100 by Albert Hart at Calman Links.

THE



FURS
WITH





Tough,
country-minded
coat
in
brown
and white
calfskin,
shaped
very
simply
with
a
low-slung
belt
at
the
back,
buttoning
up
to
the
neck
in
front.

£112
at
Derry & Toms.
Little
brown
leather
chin-strapped
bonnet,
by
James Wedge,
10½ gns.

at
Bazaar,
Knightsbridge
and
Chelsea

Inset:

Deeply
curled,
preposterously
warm
pullover
in
Kalgan
lamb,
its
sooty
blackness
deeply
slashed
with
white
below
a
turtle
neck.

45 gns.
at S. London
of Sloane Street



Glossy
black
Persian lamb
from South
West Africa
is fashioned
into a
cutaway
coat
of typical
originality,
bordered
and cuffed
with soft
black coney.
Its strict
little
stand-up
collar,
long sleeves
and plain
tailor's
buttons
make it
equally
right for
daytime
formality.

220 gns.
Designed
by
Mary Quant
for
Debenham & Freebody
Opposite page :

A tailored,
shirt-sleeved
dress of
precisely-marked
hamster,
buttoning
from
a flat collar
down to
twelve
inches
short of
the hem;
it looks
good
without
the tie-belt,
too.

185 gns.
Designed
by Chombert
of Paris
for
Debenham & Freebody,
who also
have the
black coney
hat





Tawny
guanaco
striped with
white
makes
a chunky
jacket
suited
to any
snow scene.

Banded
at the
neck
and front
with suede,
it is
partnered
by a hood
with
a suede
neckband
fastening
under
the chin.

225 gns.,
including
hood, at
Maxwell Croft
Opposite page :

Deliberate
deception
practised
here :
a feline
coat that
is really a
leopard print
on sheared
kidskin—
an
attractively
convincing
fake,
with no
deception
about
its price :

120 gns. at
Frank Cooney,
23 Avery Row,
Grosvenor Street
Black
leather
helmet
with long
jersey
scarf-ends by
Otto Lucas at
Debenham
& Freebody







PHOTOGRAPH: TONY EVANS



COUNTERSPY by Angela Ince

INSTANT BOILING POINT

OR how to raise the temperature to fever heat in 18 easy lessons

1 Wrap up in a boldly striped mohair rug from Sweden *via* Liberty. 5 gns.

2 Brew a quick cup of tea—the Judge electric kettle is a pretty pale blue, and reaches boiling point at speed. 5 gns. from Gamages.

3 Unfreeze tiny hands in slim black capeskin gloves lined with cashmere, £5 15s. 6d. from Debenham & Freebody.

4 Stock up on stockings that look warm and are—beige knitted stockings, 21s. Liberty.

5 Huddle into a foot-muff on long car journeys—in brown fur fabric, £6 12s. 6d. from Debenham & Freebody, who also have car rugs to match.

6 Slip into snow-white fluffy bedroom slippers, in three sizes (and pink and blue), 45s. from Debenham & Freebody.

7 Hang on to a hand-warmer that runs on lighter fuel for 12 to 24 hours, 7s. 6d. from Moss Brothers.

8 Gulp a warming tot of Stone's ginger wine, 9s. 9d. from most wine stores. Alternative gulp: tinned whisky and ginger ale, 3s. 6d. a tin from Bentall's wine department, Kingston-on-Thames.

9 Tie a caramel-coloured mink cravat, £21 at Debenham & Freebody.

10 Pre-heat icy sheets with an electric blanket; the new one in the picture is available in two sizes, single bed (79s. 6d.) or double bed (99s. 6d.). There are three degrees of heat to choose from, it has a three-year guarantee, and has been approved by the British Electrical Approvals Board. From British Home Stores.

11 Heat up a tin of Heinz Mulligatawny soup, from most grocers.

12 Scrub up circulation at bathtime with a rough massage glove; £1, Debenham & Freebody.

13 Insulate with a layer of warm Orlon in pale shell-pink (and other colours): vest 6s. 6d. and pants 5s. 11d. from Marks & Spencer.

14 Carry a neatly wrapped Karirug (behind vest); the rug itself is pure wool tartan and is backed by blue, red or green leathercloth with attached handles. 90s. from the Bentalls garage accessory shop, Kingston-on-Thames.

15 Line a mackintosh with a warm fur lining;

available in pale grey or brown, complete with buttonholes and buttons; it costs £7 10s. full length, or £6 10s. threequarter length, from John Lewis. The trench coat in the picture costs 11½ gns., also from John Lewis, and will be available at the end of January or early February.

16 Buy a neat fur bonnet—the one on the thermometer is available in white, black or brown, £4 5s. 6d., Debenham & Freebody.

17 Cook up a central-heating curry—particularly a lamb curry from a recipe by Helen Burke: gently simmer a finely chopped, fair-sized onion and a crushed clove of garlic in an ounce of butter until the onion is pale gold. Discard the garlic. Add 1 to 1½ lb. of lamb, cut into suitable mouth-sized pieces, and work in 2 tablespoons of curry powder. Cook for a minute or so. Work in a tablespoon of tubed tomato purée then add a pint of meat or vegetable stock. Cover and simmer slowly for 1½ to 1¾ hours, adding a pinch or two of coconut flour and a very finely chopped thin slice of fresh ginger (when available). Serve with plainly boiled Basmati rice and such extras as mango chutney, Bombay "ducks", and poppadums which have been quickly fried, one at a time, on both sides, in very hot oil. They will swell in a matter of seconds and be ready.

18 Serve a hot punch; these three recipes are suggested by John Baker White, have been tested and recommended by The Friends of Wine. Mixtures in each case are for six people.

HOT PUNCH To one pint of hot water add one sliced lemon, 4 oz. sugar, and a pinch of grated nutmeg. Stir well and add one pint of whisky, rum or brandy.

YULE PUNCH Two bottles claret, one cup sugar, lemon slices, grated nutmeg. Heat to near boiling point, then remove grated nutmeg. Pour into glasses with a slice of lemon in each. Also suitable for serving cold.

HOT RUM PUNCH 1 bottle red wine, ½ pint Jamaica rum, 1 glass brandy (optional), juice and rind of one lemon. Place all ingredients in a large saucepan and heat slowly, add sugar to taste. Strain and serve very hot with slices of lemon.

on plays

Pat Wallace / Falstaff out of focus

Queen Elizabeth I, it seems, was a great fan of Falstaff's and commanded Shakespeare to write a comedy about him in the course of which he was to be shown as a man in love. Shakespeare, apparently urged on by his royal patron, turned out **The Merry Wives of Windsor** in a fortnight to the great delight of the Queen and to the subsequent pleasure of many, many generations of playgoers. Now the Royal Shakespeare Company have added it to their repertory in the Aldwych Theatre and play it as a cheerful piece of holiday fun.

Dr. Johnson in his day had a few critical words to say about the project and even took the Queen to task for failing to appreciate that the Falstaff of the *Henry IV* plays "could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by hope of pleasure, but by money." The diarist Pepys took an even sterner view saying that the play did not please him at all, "in no part of it." However, as we know, it went well with the Queen and has been revived countless times since the late 16th century. I seem to remember a spirited painting of Sir Beerbohm Tree as Falstaff being pushed into a linen hamper by the merry wives. Now, in something of the same rollicking tradition, we have Mr. Clive Swift, dressed in a curious tubular costume that recalls the Michelin man, fluffily bearded and bespectacled like a cheery Mr. Pickwick.

Falstaff in this manifestation of the character is in his usual state of penury, accompanied by his three rogues, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol, and by the boy Robin. He has made the acquaintance of two married women, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, both of whose husbands are in comfortable circumstances and both of whom, he hopes, can provide him with an easy living. With less than his usual ingenuity he therefore writes them two identical love letters, begging for secret meetings, but the ladies, who are good friends, compare the effusions and determine to teach Falstaff a lesson. One of them invites him to her house at an hour when she says her husband will be absent but at the same time contrives by indirect means to

let this gentleman hear of the assignation.

As a result of these female machinations, twice repeated, Falstaff is first hidden in a basket of dirty clothes, carried out and dumped in the Thames and later forced to disguise himself as an old woman of unsavoury reputation, chased from the house and beaten by an indignant husband. On a third occasion he is persuaded to venture into Windsor Forest, costumed and antlered as Herne the Hunter, only to be set upon by a crowd of children dressed as elves and fairies who pinch and torment him to the great satisfaction of the wives, now accompanied by their reconciled husbands.

As you may imagine there are opportunities for boisterous fun, not to say slapstick, in all this and the audience's enjoyment depends on the pace of the direction (for which Mr. John Blatchley is responsible) and for the cast's as well as the playwright's comic invention. Miss Brenda Bruce makes a pretty and lively Mistress Page and Miss Patsy Byrne is splendidly forthright as Mistress Ford, using a broader style and constantly falling into a half-crouching, wide-armed stance, rather as if she were about to stop a rugby pass. Miss Doris Hare as the conniving servant, Mistress Quickly, manages her own comedy effects with great zest and Miss Michele Dotrice is engaging and self-possessed as young Anne Page.

But the play must rely for its central spring of action on Falstaff himself, and here that good actor, Mr. Swift, is not wholly at home, paradoxically making too sympathetic a figure of the swag-bellied knight. He delivers his best lines, of course, with as much point and gusto as one would expect, getting a particularly big laugh with his confiding "for you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking." Mr. Ian Richardson as Ford, the jealous husband perpetually on Falstaff's track, gives perhaps the best performance of all; subtler and more malevolent than the others but at the same time a figure of fun. As I say, this is a play for a holiday mood; not a great one, in spite of its authorship, but an entertaining one for those in tune with the spirit of Shakespearean clowning.



In the Royal Court Theatre's revival of Samuel Beckett's controversial, trend-setting play, *Waiting for Godot*, directed by Anthony Page, the principals are (working upwards) Alfred Lynch as Estragon, Jack MacGowran as Lucky, Nicol Williamson as Vladimir

on films

Elsbeth Grant/ Round and round and round

The title role in **The Yellow Rolls-Royce** is played with immense dignity by a vintage (*entre deux guerres*) Phantom II which is said to be the only one of its kind ever built. A stately vehicle—and apparently indestructible—it certainly has the air of knowing its uniqueness: it does not appear to be flattered that a film has been written around it—by Mr. Terence Rattigan, no less—but to regard this as a right and proper tribute to its quality, that one cannot help recognizing as superb. I never admired, or coveted, a motor-car more.

The film, produced by Mr. Anatole de Grunwald and directed by Mr. Anthony Asquith, comprises three separate stories. In the first, the Rolls-Royce is bought by the Marquess of Frinton, Mr. Rex Harrison, as an anniversary present for his French wife, Mlle. Jeanne Moreau, in 1931. His interest in horse-racing is not shared by her: her current preoccupation is with his assistant at the Foreign Office, Mr. Edmund Purdom.

It is at Ascot that a spiteful gossip (Miss Moira Lister) tells Mr. Harrison that his wife is having an affair with Mr. Purdom. The Marquess is terribly cut up. It's small consolation to him that he wins the Gold Cup, for he finds Mlle. Moreau and her lover,

who hadn't even bothered to watch the race, ardently embracing on the rear seat.

Divorce is out of the question (who would want to be barred from the Royal Enclosure?) but if he can't get rid of his wife he can at least get rid of the car, which would be a constant reminder of her infidelity. The beautiful machine passes into the possession of an American gangster, Mr. George C. Scott, who is visiting his native Italy with his gum-chewing moll, Miss Shirley MacLaine, a hard-boiled screwball who fails to appreciate the glorious Italian scenery but falls heavily for an amoral young street photographer, M. Alain Delon.

While Mr. Scott is absent on business—a little matter of settling a rival Chicago gangster's hash—the Rolls-Royce is again used as a refuge for a pair of guilty lovers and, the idyll over, once again it changes hands. It turns up years later as the property of a domineering American widow—Miss Ingrid Bergman, in a madly aggressive hat—who refuses to believe the Germans are about to invade Yugoslavia, and rashly enters that wonderfully picturesque country with an equally picturesque Yugoslav patriot, Mr. Omar Sharif, concealed in the boot of her car. Caught up in the war that follows, Miss

Bergman does sterling work for the partisans and learns to love Mr. Sharif.

The film (designed, like its predecessor, *The V.I.P.s*, simply to entertain) poses no problems, explores no dark territory in the field of human behaviour and cuts the kitchen sink and the Atomic Age stone dead. It is leisurely, delightfully acted and at all times lovely to look at. If you feel you could enjoy a feast of vicarious luxury and romance, well, here you are, elegantly catered for.

In M. Roger Vadim's impudent and misguided (I think) remake of *La Ronde*, there is no feeling of comprehension of Herr Arthur Schnitzler's eminently cynical novella on which the first *La Ronde*, directed by Herr Max Ophüls, was based. Where the two Austrians viewed the comedy of a chain of people linking themselves with past, present and future experiences in transient love, and let an ingratiating little hurdy-gurdy tune hint that not one of the protagonists suffered more than a round-about horse, which is resigned to being mounted and dismounted again when the fare has run out—M. Vadim is all for casual experiences in sex as it is practised today. Since he has elected, lazily, not to translate the story to the present—it is set in 1913—it has become a straight, uncommentated account of people leaping in and out of bed with one another.

The soldier (M. Claude Giraud) seduces a servant girl (Mlle. Anna Karina), who passes on (prettily, I must say) into

the arms of her employer's son (M. Jean-Claude Brialy)—who, reassured of his prowess, dashes off to seduce a young married woman, Miss Jane Fonda, whom he's never previously felt sure he could lure into a bachelor bed. Cardinal error here is that Miss Fonda, ravishing though she is, doesn't look in the least like somebody with a stuffy husband and a 10-year-old daughter.

Miss Fonda's husband, M. Maurice Ronet, is inspired by his wife's (repentant?) attentions in the marriage bed, to see if he can make a momentary conquest of a young midinette, Mlle. Catherine Spaak—and does. But what a hollow victory it is since next minute she's off with a playwright, whose actress ex-wife, Mlle. Francine Berge, is ravishing a young Count (M. Jean Sorel) who escapes from her to the shabby lodgings of the tart (Mlle. Marie Dubois), whom the soldier (M. Giraud) had first discarded in favour of the servant girl.

"*L'amour, toujours l'amour*" seems to be M. Vadim's battle cry—but as he doesn't give us any sense of the daring of such amorous adventure in the year 1913, the general impression is of a number of mods and rockers living it up in fancy dress. Herr Ophüls, 16 years ago, had a better idea of how to let sex emerge as inevitable, desirable but, at the same time, pathetic and more than a little ridiculous when it is reduced to a circle in which partners are swapped in a search for infinity yet every affair is doomed finite from the start.



On loan: Norman Morrice (left), choreographer of the Ballet Rambert, rehearses members of the Royal Ballet who borrowed him to devise a new work for them. It is called *The Tribute* and will be premièred at Stratford-on-Avon early in February. Among Morrice's Rambert works are *Hazana*, and the recent, mysterious *Cul de Sac*



On loan: Nadia Nerina, prima ballerina of the Royal Ballet, rehearses for the Western Theatre Ballet who borrowed her to dance in a new work called *Home*. It has music by Bartok, choreography by Peter Darrell and a scenario by John Mortimer. The première will be at Sunderland early in February

on books

Oliver Warner / After the crash

Nicholas Mosley's **Accident** (Hodder & Stoughton 18s.) is a novel concerned with the effect of a motor-smash in which an Oxford undergraduate is killed. At the time he is with a German girl, Anne, who survives. The pair of them were on their way to visit the narrator, the don who supervises their work. The novel explores the sense of vicarious responsibility—of involvement on a deeper level than the facts of the case seem to warrant. It is also an impressionist sketch of present-day university society. Sometimes it achieves brilliance, but my reservation is that the characters, while carefully individualized, rarely come properly alive. The author is an experienced writer with something to say, but in this instance he does not do this straightforwardly, and as a result his message is at times a little blurred. He is never less than intelligent, for all that, and there are few contemporaries better worth reading.

It is refreshing to find a mystery story neatly and strongly written, with a credible, unsickly love interest, and a knowledge of collecting that I recognize as authentic. In P. M.

Hubbard's **Hive of Glass** (Michael Joseph 18s.) there is a crisp chase for both a girl and a rare Elizabethan glass that is worth a fortune in the sale-room. I won't give the plot away, but anyone who has observed collector's mania, or suffered a touch of similar madness, will realize that Hubbard's psychology is sound, and that men will resort to violence for the things, as well as the people, they love. His descriptions of sales and dealers, and of covetable objects in his line of interest, are economical and engrossing. I rate this book highly in its special field, and the pace of the narrative is admirable.

How to Win the Business Battle by Eric Webster (Murray 18s.) is a very pleasant surprise. Seeing the title and the funny drawings and remembering that Messrs. Murray first put the Law of Parkinson before an appreciative world, I had expected an ironic commentary. But Eric Webster talks sense about business life, and though he is anything but solemn (sometimes he is almost uproarious) he is generally to the point. It all boils down to this: try to simplify, and rule

by persuasion. Neither injunction is altogether easy to follow, but every step on the way will be worth while. I should however, add a cautionary note: this is really a handbook for the bosses, not for the bossed, to whom much of the advice will be irrelevant. I suspect that the persuadable boss is already persuaded, while the impervious kind is unlikely to see the wisdom of Mr. Webster's advice.

From business bosses to political ones: there are various countries of whose governmental systems it is desirable to know at least a little—our own, naturally; the U.S.A., certainly; and Russia and China so far as possible. Of the inner balances in Communist countries it is hard to absorb anything substantial. Of the Western democracies the opposite is true; such is publicity that we sometimes know too much for comfort. Douglass Cater in **Power in Washington** (Collins 30s.) has written a forceful, often critical account of how his countrymen have exercised power since World War II. Though he is not fundamentally pessimistic, he does make out a strong case for the view that "in the capital named after the first President there is too much tendency to see things close up and in part." This, indeed, is a general and continuing failing, but at least public opinion has a reasonably strong leverage there. Cater is particularly interesting on the

vast American department of Defence.

Briefly . . . Tourist Attraction by Patrick Skene Catling (Michael Joseph 21s.) is a slightly farcical story about an American tourist in England, and includes an outrageous garden party at Buckingham Palace where the heroine comes to grief in the rain, and scalds herself with a tea-urn. It is less comic than it might be, since it poses a real problem, that of complete mutual misunderstanding, but makes no real attempt to solve it. I like all the Americans in the book, and I am sorry that my fellow countrymen so often get them plain wrong.

Two paperbacks to help the outward-bound traveller: **Time Off in Rome, Venice and Florence** and **Time Off in Portugal** (Hodder and Stoughton 2s. 6d. each). These are the *Observer's* guide to resorts and hotels, with prices and sensible details. They are not guide books in the ordinary sense, but useful supplementaries for those who prefer to arrange for their own accommodation, and who are on the look-out for restaurants of all prices. . . . Rachel Carson's **The Edge of the Sea** (New English Library 5s.) is a paperback reprint of a long, detailed and rousing attractive study of items to be found on the foreshore. The drawings have suffered in the printing, but they are profuse and fit the text.



In *A Shot in the Dark* Peter Sellers (left) re-introduces the character of Jacques Clouseau, the clumsy, ineffectual police inspector who bungled his way through *The Pink Panther*. One of the suspects in Clouseau's new murder investigation is Elke Sommer (right). The film opens in London on 28 January and at nine selected provincial cinemas on 31 January for a special advanced release season.

on records

Spike Hughes / Beyond the festival fringe

When I went to Leningrad for the first Music Festival there in 1934 (was there ever a second? I never heard of one), I ignored the official curriculum one evening and went off to a routine, un-festival performance of *Prince Igor*—mainly to find out what everyday standards of performance were like. They proved to be the same as for the Festival: the tenors and basses in the chorus were magnificent, the bass and baritone principals first rate, the tenor undistinguished, and the women, almost without exception, afflicted with a wobble that seems to be endemic in Slavonic countries.

Among the new Russian-made MK records now available in this country is the first complete recording by a Russian cast of *Prince Igor* (four records, mono only, 19s. 6d. each). The performance is by the Bolshoi Theatre company and couldn't be more characteristic of what I remember native Russian opera to be like. The two outstanding features are the magnificent Prince Igor of A. Ivanov and the Konchak of M. Reizen, who has the virility and resonance of Ezio Pinza. The two buffoons, Eroshka and Skula, are excel-

lent too. But the women still wobble lamentably, chorus as well as principals. There is a splendid excitement and vigour about the whole thing, however, that is stimulating and infectious; and unlike listening to the opera in a theatre, you can always skip the worst soprano bits with a record. Next time I'll tell you about the remarkable MK pianist, Mr. C. Puxtep. (The *Igor* records are presented with a brochure in three languages—Russian, French and English; a simple lesson in how exporters can make friends and influence people.)

I am always smugly delighted when an unfavourite tune attributed to another favourite composer is discovered to be spurious. My relief on first learning that a coy and hackneyed little cradle song, long blamed on Mozart, was in fact, by a certain Bernhard Flies, has now been equalled on hearing that the over-popular "Serenade" did not come from Haydn's String Quartet Op. 3, No. 5, but was written by an Austrian monk—who, what's more, seems to have written the whole set of six quartets hitherto credited to Haydn as Op. 3. The complete "Serenade"

quartet by Romanus Hofstetter (or whomever) is included in the Decca Haydn album (one record, mono and stereo), beautifully played by the Janacek Quartet, along with two unmistakably genuine Haydn works—the "Joke" and the "Fifths" quartets. What seems to me to suggest that the "Serenade" Quartet is unauthentic is not so much the popular Andante Cantabile itself as the other three movements, which are full of all sorts of un-Haydnish fingerprints. It is a fascinating subject for the style-detective to pass the time on.

When two fine pianists like Artur Schnabel and Clifford Curzon both use the same couple of Schubert Impromptus (Op. 90. Nos. 3 and 4) as fill-ups for two quite different major works, choice gets a little difficult. Rubinstein has added his Schubert to follow Mozart's *Piano Concerto No. 17 in G* (RCA—one record, mono and stereo); Curzon has added his to follow the Schubert *Sonata in D, Op. 53* (Decca—one record mono and stereo). The obvious thing is have both records. Rubinstein's Mozart is regarded rather haughtily by some, but I have always found it has great elegance—a quality, I may say, that far too few Mozart performers bother about nowadays. Curzon's recording seems to be his first solo performance of Schubert on LP; now he has started I hope he will go on and record the remain-

ing 20 Schubert sonatas as soon as possible. He has obviously got a taste for this peculiarly fascinating and comparatively neglected piano music.

Two memorial records of Pierre Monteux come from Philips (both of them mono and stereo). One is *In Memoriam Pierre Monteux* and includes a long excerpt from a rehearsal with the Concertgebouw Orchestra of the Funeral March from the *Eroica* Symphony. Whether the Dutch orchestra understood a single word of Monteux's French or not, I don't know; but in that miraculous way great conductors always have he made his meaning perfectly clear—and the finished performance of the movement is on the record to prove it. The other side contains an affectionate performance of Schubert's *Unfinished* Symphony.

The second Monteux memorial consists of one of the last recordings that he made with the LSO, of music by Debussy—the three *Images* for orchestra, and four pieces from the music to *Le Martyre de St. Sébastien*. This was a mystery play by d'Annunzio (it still gets into trouble with the Church in Italy) in which the part of Sebastian was originally played by Ida Rubinstein, though not, I imagine, wearing what the French nowadays call the *deux pièces sans une* the part obviously calls for.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / The Tate is the place

When is a private collection not a private collection? The short answer is: when it is the Peggy Guggenheim Collection. The truth of this may not be apparent when the 200-odd works are at home in Mrs. Guggenheim's Venetian *palazzo* but it is glaringly obvious now that most of them are on show at the Tate Gallery.

In 1964 friends of the Tate were heartened by rumours that Mrs. Guggenheim was considering presenting the collection to the Gallery one day, an act of stupendous magnanimity. Now that it is there, on short loan, we look forward with horror to the day next month when it will be taken away and the weaknesses of the Tate's permanent collection of modern art are revealed more starkly than ever before.

Even if Mr. Wilson's government were to vote the Gallery unlimited funds it would prob-

ably be impossible now for the Tate's collection to be made comparable with Peggy Guggenheim's which, according to Sir Herbert Read, is the only collection of 20th-century painting and sculpture in Europe that has a systematic historical basis and "embraces all the major movements which since about 1910 have transformed the very concept of art."

How does it happen that one individual, and a woman at that, has been able to achieve this? In the most engaging introduction to an exhibition catalogue that I have ever read the lady herself tells us. In 1938 she had opened an art gallery in Mayfair. At that time, she frankly admits, she knew nothing of art later than the Post-Impressionists, and in spite of the help of Marcel Duchamp sales were so few that she usually bought one work herself from each show in

order to console the artists.

In 1939 she closed the gallery and decided to make a museum of modern art, with Herbert Read as director, in London. Then:

"He sent me off to Paris to borrow the opening show, which was to have covered all the non-realistic movements in art beginning with Cubism in 1910 and to have included examples of Constructivism, Futurism, Purism, Suprematism, Dadaism, Surrealism, Merz and the De Stijl movement. At this point the war broke out and I decided that it would be impossible to go on with the project. . . . Thus I found myself in Paris with nothing to do and all the museum funds at my disposal. Using Herbert Read's list . . . I decided to buy all the works of art that we had meant to borrow. I put myself on a régime to buy one work of art a day. Nothing could have been easier. The Parisians were expecting a German invasion and were delighted to sell everything and flee."

She lists some of the things she acquired in this way: two of Brancusi's polished bronze

birds, a Giacometti bronze *Woman With a Cut Throat*, Futurist paintings by Severini and Balla, Cubist works by Braque, Léger, Marcoussis, Villon and others, an "orphist" Delaunay, a "dadaist" Picabia and many more. The rest of the introduction is concerned with the elaborate game of hide-and-seek she played with the Germans to get her pictures to America, with the war years in New York and with her return to Europe (with a much enlarged collection) after the war.

It is all fascinating stuff but for me the most interesting part is that which confirms the feeling that the collection is, and always has been, a public one. Apart from an understandable plethora of important works by Max Ernst (who was once Mrs. G's husband) and a not-so-understandable overdose of Jackson Pollocks, the whole thing is as well-balanced a survey of the exciting art of the years from 1910 to 1960 as one might expect from an art-addicted electronic computer. There is no doubt in my mind that the Tate is the right place for it, Mrs. Guggenheim!

DINING IN

Helen Burke / The pungent bulb

If there is a flavouring or whatever you like to call it more maligned and more praised than garlic, I do not know of it. As the result of a remark heard at an early age my first thoughts on garlic were unpleasant. They were based on the conversation of a man who had spent much of his adult life in a very lucrative position in the province of Shantung in China. He hated garlic. Why? Because he associated it with poverty, especially with rickshaw men. He could not ride behind one on a warm day, so repulsive was it to him.

He explained: "These poor people lived on a handful of rice a day, and a bowl of rice is deadly unless you have some splendid titbits to go with it. Garlic was all they could afford, and they added it very liberally to their rice." He went on, "Wherever you find garlic used in cookery, there you will find poverty." Small wonder that I grew up with a prejudice against garlic, but that has now gone. Nowadays I like it in its proper place, but I find the smell of it unpleasant

when someone in my company has had garlic in a dish and I have not. I suppose the same applies, to a lesser extent, to onions.

Recently, lunching in a restaurant dedicated to the restoring of the good foods of England, one of the guests was Louis Cipolla. I asked him if he ate garlic. "I am a Marseillaise," he replied, "and I eat garlic—but only on Saturdays." I take it that he depends on the Sunday to work the aroma out of his system! As an important *chef des cuisines* he uses garlic very sparingly, if at all.

Not long ago a reader just back from a Parisian holiday told me that she had been disappointed because she and her husband, who both had a real liking for garlic, had never once tasted it while they were there. On reflection I realized that they had visited French restaurants where the cooking was of high quality, and if there was garlic in a dish it would have been used so discreetly as not to be detectable. I discussed this with Madame Prunier and she confirmed my

opinion. If garlic is the goal when visiting Paris, one must patronize restaurants specializing in regional cooking from the south of France rather than the north.

It is the tasteless things that benefit from garlic. Snails, for instance. What would they be without garlic butter? Also *Morue à la Provençale* (salt cod cooked with olive oil, onion, leek, tomato and garlic, all cut in fine pieces).

Like Mr. Cipolla, I limit my garlic eating to Friday nights and Saturdays and even then use very little of it.

Getting back to the Chinese: While the rickshaw men may have piled on garlic inordinately, Chinese chefs are probably the world's most discreet users of it. That has been my experience after spending many hours in Chinese restaurant kitchens in this country and Paris. What was almost the routine of one chef when garlic was included in a dish was to crush a clove of it, fry it in a little peanut oil just long enough to colour it to a warm cream tone, then flick it out and discard it, leaving only the flavour of the garlic and none of the pieces. Another chef did leave the garlic in the dish, chopping a clove of it very finely and mixing it with other ingredients into a paste.

BEEF SLICES "ALLA PIZZAIOLA" is a good example of using garlic discreetly and it is an excellent main course to prepare when one is busy with other things. For four persons you will need 4 thin slices of entrecôte steak (about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in all), a crushed clove of garlic, 2 tablespoons of olive or vegetable oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of chopped, skinned and deseeded tomatoes, a chopped fair-sized green sweet pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 teaspoon of marjoram and salt and pepper to taste. In place of fresh tomatoes, a small can of whole tomatoes will do perfectly well.

First, make the sauce. Heat a tablespoon of the oil in a small pan and cook the garlic in it to a pale gold, then discard it. Add the tomatoes, marjoram, salt and freshly milled pepper. Cover and cook for a few minutes. Add the green pepper, deseeded and cut into strips, and simmer them long enough to be cooked but still remain crisp.

Meanwhile, heat the remaining oil and quickly fry the steaks in it, on both sides, to the degree of "doneness" you like best, put them in a heated entrée dish and cover with the sauce. If the fresh tomatoes do not yield enough liquid, add a tablespoon or so of water to the sauce while it is cooking.

MAN'S WORLD

David Morton / Man is grass

Written in the last days of the old year, this column is about New Year resolutions. But I'm old enough to know my limitations—by the time it appears in print I shall probably have broken most of them, and I shall feel like the man who gave up smoking every day. But now the fire is upon me, and 1965 is going to be a better year, if only for a few glorious days.

I resolve to treat even my oldest clothes with the care I'd lavish on them if they were new, the care I've been recommending to readers for years, and haven't quite got round to applying for myself. I shall brush the linings of pockets before hanging my suits up on the special wishbone hangers I must buy tomorrow. I shall polish my shoes every day, even if I haven't worn that pair, and nourish them with the best wax polishes, and put them on boxwood trees (which I must also buy tomorrow). I shall track down a really

painstaking alteration and repair tailor (and if anyone can help me, I'll publish his address) and get him to sew back all the missing buttons, loops and buckles that I've been shedding over the years like autumn leaves, and to mend the loose linings, frayed trouser bottoms and torn pocket edges that are making me look as if I should be put out in a field to flap away the crows.

I might even give up smoking again and spend the money saved on a subscription to University Tailors valeting service, which would do all this for me. And if they give up in despair at any item of clothing which is beyond all help, I'll get it cleaned anyway and pass it on to War On Want. I resolve to go through a drawerful of ties and another of shirts, and hide away all the ones that I never wear, and can't imagine why I bought in the first place; in fact these too can go to any charity that wants to develop an

underprivileged country by means of polka-dotted shirts with strange collars and very wide ties made of bright yellow Paisley.

I resolve to be more charitable to, but much more demanding of, my laundry. Charitable in that I won't send them shirts with frayed cuffs (I must find someone who'll turn about 30 cuffs for me), and demanding because the next time a button comes back reduced to a broken triangle hanging on by one thread, I shall be on to the manager like a ton of starch.

I shall buy an electric iron and try to keep my ties pressed, and a needle and thread to sew up the seams of the ones that are rapidly disintegrating a few weeks after I paid good money for them. I'd complain to the shop I bought them from, but I doubt if they're still in business at the same address. They don't deserve to be. In fact, till we finally collapse into an age where you wear a thing once and then throw it away, an age of paper shirts and cardboard shoes, I resolve to take a much firmer line with all rotten workmanship.

I resolve to visit the dry

cleaner, the shoemaker and the barber at least a week before I'm finally driven to do so.

I resolve to be more kindly disposed, if I can, to M. Pierre Cardin, even when he says, "Nobody has stopped to look at men's clothes since the start of the century," and tells us that there is no such thing as a British look, and that he's going to give us one. I shall even try, in 1965, to wade through more than three lines of the press releases I get, and to sound sincerely disappointed when I turn down an invitation to National Cellular Underwear Week in the Hotel Metropole, Carlisle. I may even go so far as to return, instead of tearing up, the sheafs of photographs I get of rather doubtful looking young men in rather doubtful looking young clothes, with no information on the back about what the clothes are, how much they cost, and where you could buy them—if you wanted to.

I have other resolutions too, of a personal nature, that I shouldn't dream of putting into print. Man is grass, and I know what happens to New Year resolutions, especially mine. They get broken, like buttons under a laundress's iron.

Dudley Noble

MOToring

Difference of opinion



JOHN TIMBERS

The Ford Corsair at the Auto-Magic Car Wash, in the Brompton Road

To some motorists automatic transmission is anathema; to others a boon. I have an open mind, for almost half the cars sent to me (last year the total was 51) are fitted with it. The last was a Ford Corsair, an example of the lowest-powered cars with "orthodox" automatic transmission.

Its engine is only 1½ litres capacity, and the self-changing gear is one of the smaller type of Borg-Warner, made in this country to an American design. The transmission does all that is claimed: once the selector lever is in D position, the driver is relieved of all gear-changing effort; the correct ratio is automatically delivered for every road condition. When the car is at a standstill bottom gear awaits a press on the accelerator, and if you feel like hurrying, hard pressure on the pedal will send the car surging forward, changing up to second and top as it goes without relaxing a fraction.

On the open road the drive is just like top gear on a non-automatic car, but if you want instant acceleration a "kick down" with the right foot will

bring middle gear in a flash—quicker, even, than a really snappy double-declutch with a manual box. On a hill the sensing mechanism will decide when the engine is finding the load too much for top gear and will make the change of its own volition.

There is a lot to be said in favour of modern automatic transmission, and those who do a lot of town driving will welcome the relief from clutch-slipping and gear-lever juggling. I also have it on the word of several friends who cover long distances on cars fitted with Borg-Warner transmission that it is highly reliable and long-wearing. So, even though it costs an extra £82 3s. 4d. above the regular Corsair price of £678 for a two-door saloon and £702 for a four-door, many will think the money well spent.

Others will bring up the disadvantages, and I cannot deny that there are some. One is that a certain amount of the power output (the Corsair's engine delivers a trifle under 60 b.p.h.) is swallowed up in driving the transmission sys-

tem. This detracts slightly from the car's overall performance, as well as making fuel consumption a little heavier. It is not easy to gauge how much in either case, but with this large-bodied vehicle, propelled by an economy-sized engine, every h.p. is needed if a feeling of lack of power is to be avoided. There is also a tendency to "creeping" when first starting the engine and engaging forward or reverse motion. The effect of the choke in producing a fast idling speed accentuates this, but the owner soon learns that brakes must then be firmly applied.

Supplementary to this criticism is that, if one stalls the engine, it is necessary to move the selector lever to N (neutral) or P (parking position) before the starter will operate. Several such stalls on a cold morning (which always seemed to occur in traffic) made me fume; this trouble could perhaps be checked if an automatic choke was employed.

Several American cars I have sampled have been so equipped, my own car has one, and has never let me down in a couple

of years. I find it difficult to understand the antipathy towards automatic chokes displayed by so many British manufacturers. Apart from this question of transmission—"you pays your money and you takes your choice"—the Corsair is an extremely practical and convenient car. In character and appearance it is a typical Ford, a little over-long in bonnet and tail to my way of thinking (the overall length is 15 feet), but correspondingly roomy.

The engine is a four-cylinder that runs with extreme smoothness, a result of its five-bearing crankshaft, and though it is well loaded by the car's size and weight (17½ cwt.), it will produce a maximum speed of 84-85 m.p.h. and cruise at 75-80 m.p.h. Fuel consumption varies considerably and anything between 28 and 37 m.p.g. is obtainable. The normal transmission is a four-speed all-synchromesh gearbox, with centrally placed floor-mounted lever. The brakes are discs at the front and drums at the rear and, like most Fords, the Corsair behaves very predictably and with a reassuring feeling of safety.

Albert Adair / All that shines is not silver

ANTIQUES

We can justly boast that the process of fusing silver over copper, that became known as Sheffield Plate, was a purely English discovery. Now that period silver is commanding such high prices it is surprising that more attention is not given to Sheffield Plate, for it can be as attractive in shape and design as silver, and many insist that it has a warmer glow as distinct from the hard brilliance of silver. History seems to be repeating itself, for during the latter part of the 18th century silver goods bore a tax of sixpence an ounce and thus Sheffield Plate, which could be obtained at one-third the price, was widely sought to take the place of its silver counterpart.

It was in 1743 that Thomas Bolsover, a Sheffield cutler, first found that it was possible to fuse silver over copper, but it was left to Joseph Hancock, at one time apprentice to Bolsover and who had great visions of the potential of Sheffield Plate, to carry the process further and enable large articles to be made. From 1758 such items as tea and coffee pots and candlesticks were being made. Later the scope was further enlarged by Matthew Boulton. Others followed the example of these craftsmen; a list of Sheffield Plate makers as well as illustrated pattern books are to be found at the Victoria & Albert

Museum. Sheffield Plate goods were manufactured till about 1836 when Elkington established their electroplating works and the introduction of this less costly process heralded the gradual decline of Sheffield Plate.

The student very soon learns to appreciate marked and un-

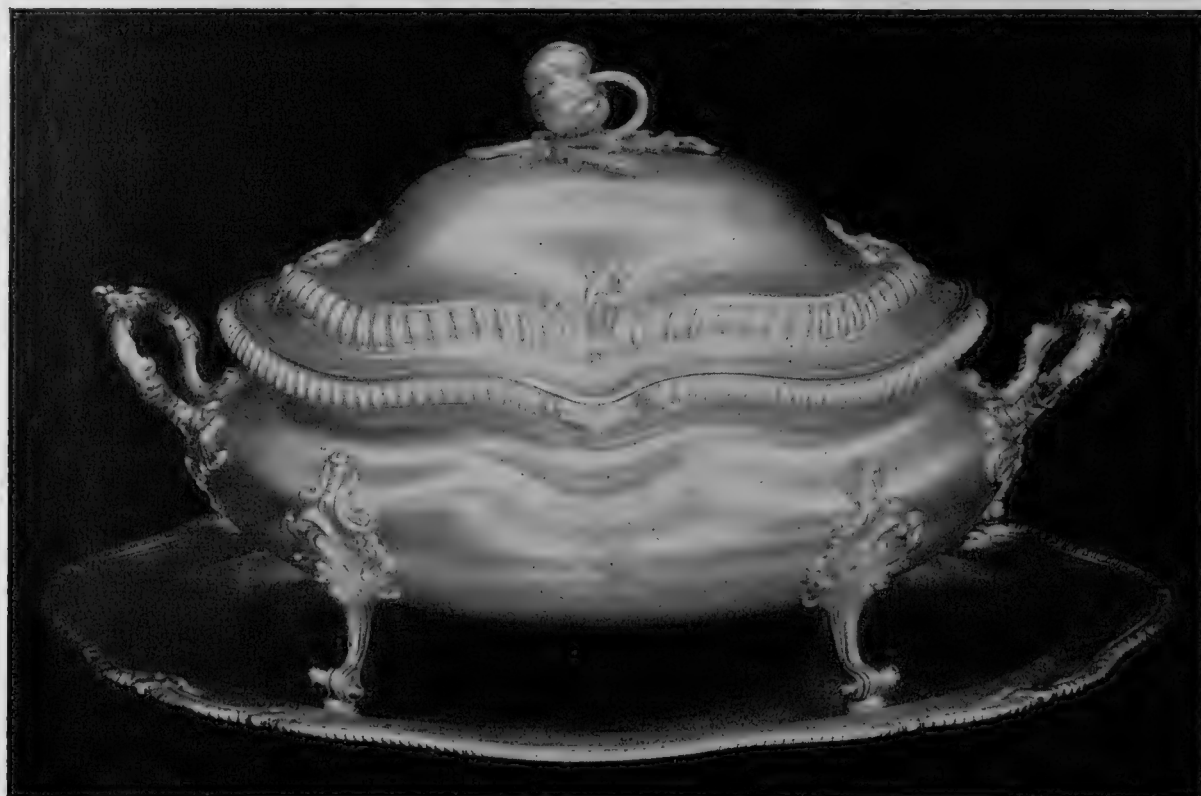
marked Sheffield Plate, the second in many instances including some very fine pieces. This, I think, will be understood when it is realized that not until 1784 was it legal to make Sheffield Plate in any way, and from this date onwards it was only permissible for those working within 100



miles of Sheffield to mark their products. There is the difficulty of distinguishing between Sheffield Plate and electroplate. Do not be misled by the label "Sheffield Plated"; there are not genuine old Sheffield Plate items, but much more likely to be electroplate ones. Careful scrutiny with a magnifying glass of any article before purchase may reveal seams and joins. If so, the collector knows he is considering a Sheffield Plate piece. Growing acquaintance with the subject enables the collector to note texture and colour, which vary considerably in the two processes, Sheffield Plate always having a slightly bluish tone, while electroplate is harshly white.

By courtesy of H. S. Welby, of Grafton Street, London, I illustrate some very fine examples of old Sheffield Plate. First a most handsome soup tureen and cover (left) that measures 19 ins. across. The pair of elegant perfume burners (above left) are 11 ins. high and were also made circa 1765. The sugar basin and cover or tea mixing bowl (above), is 5 ins. in diameter and was made circa 1770 and still has its original gilded lining. Sheffield Plate very often was gilded inside though only rarely outside; this was applied as a protection from the possible action of salt, mustard, or sugar that might harm the plate.

Only a few books have been compiled to aid the would-be collector, but from among these I would suggest that a good guide is *The History of Old Sheffield Plate* (1902) by Frederick Bradbury.



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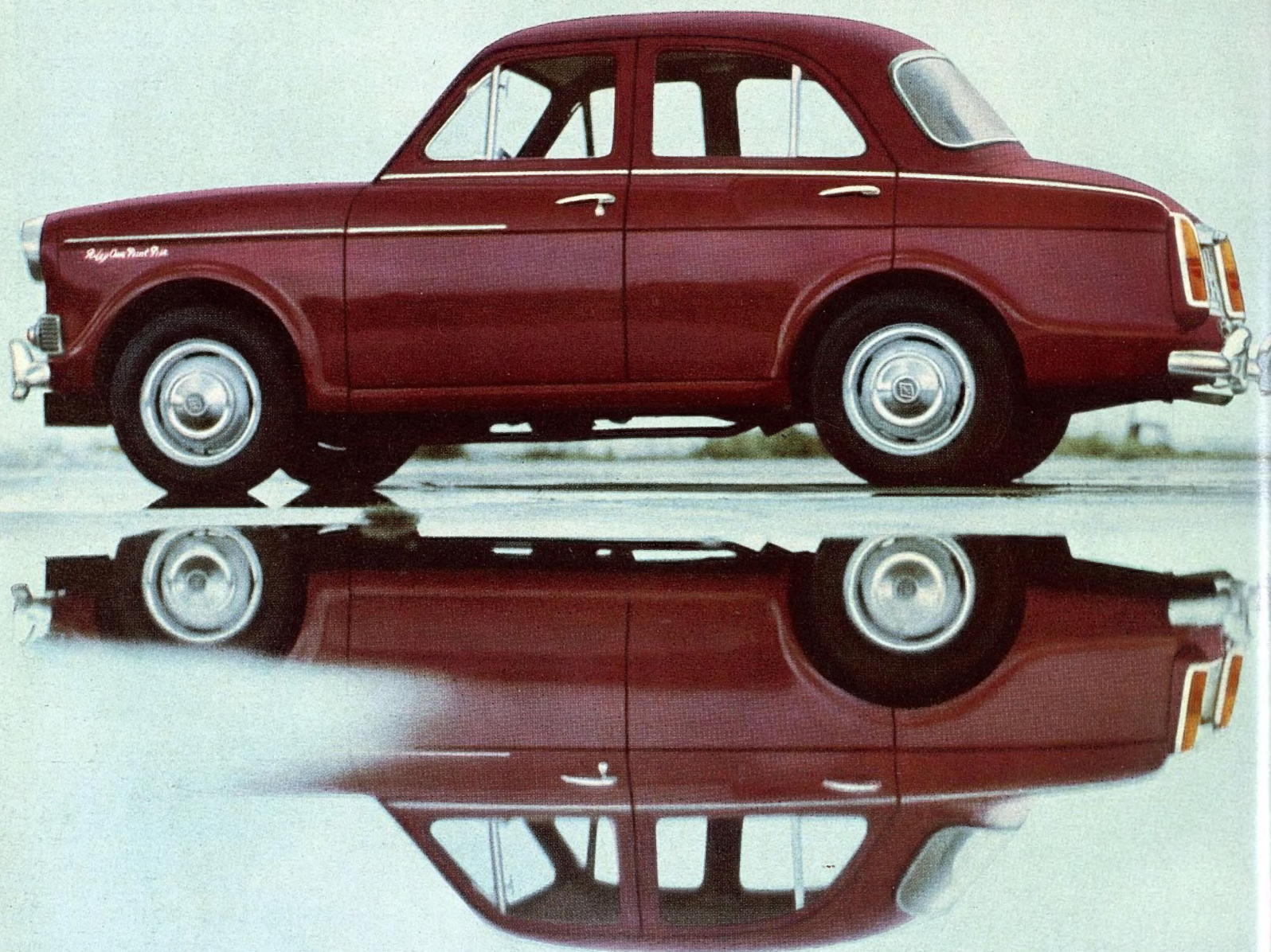
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